

L A T I N ^K
A N D
E N G L I S H
P O E M S.

By a Gentleman of Trinity College, Oxford.
Lovell.

Nec Lufisse pudet, fed non incidere Ludum.

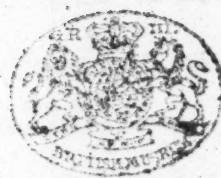
H O R.



L O N D O N :

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TO THE
 A U T H O R
 Of the following
 P O E M S.

*T*O speak of Merit in Impartial Lays,
 And without Flattery a Friend to praise,
 For this the Muse shall strike the Vocal Lyre,
 And sing in Numbers which Thy Works inspire,
 Who feels your Sorrow with a Sigh sincere,
 And 'spite of Resolution drops a Tear.

Tho' clouded, like the Sun, thy Genius shines
 Thro' Fortune's Mist in Bright Immortal Lines,
 Like Martyrs from Affliction stronger grows,
 Nor drooping sinks beneath a Weight of Woes :

*Not so cou'd OVID in His Exile write ;
 The Heart-felt Anguish check'd His Tow'ring Flight ;
 His Theme no longer was the Blooming Fair,
 But sung in dying Notes His own Despair.
 When modern sing-song Panegyrick Bards,
 Whom CIBBER praises, and the Court rewards,
 In dark Oblivion shall forgotten lie,
 Except preserv'd by Chance beneath a Pye,
 With Rapture shall Posterity rehearse
 To their admiring Sons Thy lasting Verse.*

*Since HORACE flourish'd in AUGUSTUS' Court,
 (For Men of Wit and Taste the Gay Resort)
 None but the British Bards with Ease could sing,
 Or touch with Equal Skill the Roman String ;
 From their rude Hands the Lyre dropp'd idely down,
 Because they were not Lineal to the Throne.*

Tho'

*Tho' STEPHENS' Muse in Humble Metre flows,
And warbles Numbers near ally'd to Prose,
Thy Genius gives a Lustre to His Rhimes,
And such a Bard may live to Future Times.
So modern B—sh—ps by Translation thrive,
And Drones receive the Labours of the Hive.*

*Had Fortune shone with an Auspicious Ray,
And gilded with Her Beams Thy Natal Day,
The World had lost the Labours of thy Brain,
And PHOEBUS had Inspir'd Thy Breast in vain;
But now what Glory will reward thy Toil,
If when the Goddess frown the Muses smile?
And sure that is the most distinguish'd Fame
Which rises from your own, not Father's Name.*

London,
April 21, 1738.

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SHUNAMITIS
POEMA

STEPHANI DUCK

Latine redditum.

VOS, ô cœlestes Musæ, aspirate canenti,
Nam vestrum est cœleste melos; Rex ma-
(xime Cœli

Invoco præcipue; venias in vota secundus

O Deus, & tangas divino flamine pectus

Umbrosum seu te Carmel, sacrive fluentum

Jordani tenet, huc adfis, numerisque vigorem

Sufficias, dum me laudes tibi dicere læto
 Accingam cantu, moveasque Rebella corda
 Isacidûm, ut memori condant sub pectore voces.

Talibus orabat dictis Shunamia mater ;
 Undique Judæi proceres, populique frequentes
 Agglomerant ; tum mentem inflata, & numine plena
 Sic canere incepit : vos, ô Abrâmia proles,
 Arrectas adhibete aures ; laudare Jehovam
 Mens jubet, atque Dei miracula ferre per orbem :
 Cum Conforte tori multos feliciter annos
 Exegi, Domino lectissima munera cœli
 Non parcâ fundente manu, semperque patebat
 Externis domus Hospitium, solamen Egenis.
 Virtutem suadens, divinaque jussa capeffens
 Has olim terras celebravit Elifha, Laresque
 Non semel ad nostros venit gratissimus Hospes ;
 Ille quidem titulos, & quæ fert gratia regum
 Obtulit haud animi ingratus, sed non ego tali

Mente

Mente utens, dixi, O vates, Deus optimus alman
 Concessit terram, quâ pleno Copia manat
 Flumine; quod fatis est fruimur, non plura rogamus;
 Accedant Regum turres & Martia castra
 Quis levis ambitio, fugitivaque gloria cordi est,
 Aurea sollicitæ tentent & vincula pompæ;
 Me ducit natale solum, quo degere vitam
 Stat mihi, nec lucro placidam mutare quietem;
 Hic etenim nudus vestes, fessusque viator
 Inveniat requiem, hoc vano prælucet honori
 Qui tegit internos luctus, fucatque dolores.
 Purpureo Satrapas decorant Insignia cultu,
 Et splendore rudis perstringunt lumina vulgi,
 Sed rarò pullæ dispergunt nubila curæ.

Progenie exceptâ, Cælum dulcissima vitæ
 Præbuerat; quod cum Vatis pervenit ad aures,
 Me vocat; ut veni, tollit se sede propheta,
 Nec tum eadem facies, nec vox, nec forma loquenti:

(Delphicus haud quali vultus feritate Sacerdos
 Apparet, rabidum stimulat cum pectus Apollo,
 Edit & infani figmenta Oracula sensus ;)
 Mortali at plusquam facies suffusa decore
 Effulsit, cœleste jubar radiavit in ore
 Dicentis ; salve mulier carissima Cœlo !
 Non latuere Deum virtutes, præmia solvet
 Digna, dabitque utero sterili producere natum.
 Sic vates ; & mox jucundo pondere sensim
 Intumuit venter, promissam enixaque prolem
 Lætabar ; subito volitabat fama per urbes.
 Vicinas ; puerum extemplo venêre gregatim
 Spectatum affines ; placidis cum vocibus omnes
 Gaudia fudissent, grato sic ore canebam :

O Cœli Genitor, numeros quis laudibus æquos
 Inveniat ? Quis fando dei miracula pandat ?
 Te Domino mandante, liquecet saxea rupes
 In glebam, & croceis prægnans flavebit aristas.

Aurea desertum decorabit Copia, lætis
Ridebunt uvis Arabumque inculta locorum.

Talia dicentem populi clamore secundo

hic interpellant, & complent murmure cœlum :

O Deus Omnipotens ! quàm vasta potentia regni est,

Confessi, nomen sancto laudamus honore.

Cuncta tuo parent sceptro, naturaque jussis

Auscultans, linquit soliti vestigia cursus.

Nos tibi pro tali grates persolvere dignas

Munere conamur, præsens hic annue votis,

Ut vires puero, sic crescant gaudia matri :

Natali porro vates qui præfuit horæ

Consiliis animum vitæ per lubrica ducat ;

Et vos, aligeri solium cœleste ministri

Aspirantes, tenerâ virtutis semina mente

Impargite, dumque haustu vitalis vescitur auræ,

Præsidio

Præsidio munite, & cum mors occupat artus,
 Tunc efferte——manum hic movit matrona, silenti
 Morigeri jussu cuncti tacuere, futuris
 Vocibus intenti, quas mœsto hæc edidit ore :

Mortales miseri ! tantùm imperfecta supremis
 Gaudia libamus labris, & nubila luctûs
 Lætitiae imbelles radios, ferrugine tingunt :
 Antè revolventes quam bis septem egerat annos
 Progenies (adeo brevis est & summa voluptas)
 Visendi studio correpta exivit in arva
 Messores, & flaventes longo ordine fasces
 Erectos, oculisque arrisit lutea scena ;
 Sed jubar aut Phœbus nimiùm vibravit acutum,
 Aut inimica aura, aut subiti coiêre dolores
 Maturare necem ; pater ô ! succurre dolenti
 Dixit, at incassum ; penitus vigor artubus ægris
 Languit, & rosei vultum liquere colores.

Tanti fama mali nostras cito pertigit aures,
 Atque aderat subito moribunda in limine proles;
 Indulgens ivi collo dare brachia circum;
 Quid puerum cruciat dixi? gemitu ille profundo
 Respondit, vox & morienti faucibus hæsit.
 Tentavi mœrens rabiem lenire dolendi,
 Tentavi frustra; quatit æger anhelitus artus
 Pallentes, Fati instantis certissimus Index:
 Illico frigebant vitalia flumina venis,
 Intavitque æger lethali pondere vertex;
 Ter conatus erat gremio se attollere, & impos-
 Ter cecidit, gemitu vitamque amisit in auras.
 Non aliter quàm cum tenerâ radice colonus
 Nutrivit vitem, ramos docilesque plicavit,
 Thoniumve gelu, vel mordet noxius Euri
 Argentem flatus, vani pereuntque labores.

Frigescens

Frigescens horrore steti, perque ima cucurrit
 Ossâ tremor ; lacrymas fuderunt lumina, & imbre
 Continuo maduere genæ ; vix cordè dolorem
 Sustinui ; demum sed lingua silentia rupit,
 Et tristi querulas emisi pectore voces :

O quàm mortales animos incerta voluptas
 Deliciis brevibus mulcet, fugit inde caduca,
 Par vacuæ nubi, volucrique simillima vento !
 Nil autem lugere juvat, non vita redibit
 In gelidum corpus, pulcroque cadaveri eundum est
 In noctem æternam, & tenebrôsæ viscera terræ.
 Sed culpâre Deum, fatoque edicere leges
 Non nostrum est ; miro proles fuit edita partu,
 Nec magè sit mirandum, animet si spiritus auræ
 Exsanguis artus, sedem repetatque priorem.
 Si properem ad Carmel, forsan lenimen amaris
 Accedat curis ; vatis valuerè potentes

fecundare preces sterilem, votisque favente
 umine, dissolvat frigentia vincula mortis.
 ishbites viduæ Natum revocavit ab umbris;
 ec Famam est Factis sortitus Elisha minorem:
 rdani rapidum pallâ cum venit ad amnem
 rcussit fluctus, hinc atque hinc flumina currunt
 vifa, & liquidis stipant vestigia muris.
 r multas messes tellus Jerichoæ colonis
 aud æqua assiduis herbas produxit inertes;
 d mandante illo flavis ridebat aristas,
 stiferi fontes undasque dedere salubres.
 lectum cœlo vatem non dulcia sola,
 t & acerba manent penès, ingentemque procacis
 torem linguæ sensit Bethelia Pubes.
 etereâ, quando Moabitæ fœdera turmæ
 egère, & frustra coiêre rebellibus armis
 cidûm turbare manus, in bella Cohortes
 axit Idumeæ * Princeps deserta per oræ;

* Jehoram.

Quâ

Quà non arentem mulcebant aëra venti,
 Nec puri ficcis manabant fontibus amnes ;
 Oppressit fitis ægra duces, sociæque Phalanges
 Defecêre animis, a Te tum, magne propheta,
 Auxilium petiêre Duces, nec inane petebant :
 Namque ubi jussisti, tellus humebat obortis
 Fluminibus, campique liquens solvuntur in æquor ;
 Non major tellurem ustam rorarit aquarum
 Copia, cum faxa Amramides mollivit in undas.
 Quemve unquam fugiet facinus mirabile factu,
 Multiplicando oleum viduæ cum debita solvit ?
 Talia qui fecit (votis modò Conditor orbis
 Annuat,) exanimi det morte resurgere nato.

Sic fata, imposui puerum malè mœsta cubili
 Quo vates dormire solet, jussique parari
 Quadrupedem ; at tristis conjux abrumpere frustra
 Propositum tentabat iter, dictisque monebat :

Non Deus æthereo vatis nunc flamine tangit
 pectora, neve illi est arcana recludere fati;
 Qui sic respondi: cur spem compescere quæris
 argentem? Vulgi ritus, & vana dierum
 Nomina non mihi sunt curæ, Deus Optimus illi
 Semper adest, precibusque benignas exhibet aures;
 Hæc ubi dicta dedi, frænis per plana viarum
 laxatis properavit Equus, Passuque citato
 Eveni terram celso quâ vertice Carmel
 surgit, odorato recreatque cacumine cœlum;
 Quæ vitis placidam ramis contexuit umbram,
 Confedit Vates; Zephyri lufère tepentes
 Per nemus, & leni frondes movère susurro.
 Procubui prona ante pedes, tremulâque prehensens
 tenua manu, plenas effudi luctui habenas:

Materno dixit parce indulgere dolori,
 Non lacrymæ possunt fati mutare tenorem;

Accendit Deus, aut extinguit lampada vitæ
 Ad libitum ; mandare suum, succumbere nostrum est ;
 Vult omnes Natura mori ; certa urna paratur
 Omnibus, & mors non pœna est, nisi talis habetur.
 Nostra tamen magnum si tangant vota Tonantem,
 Ipsa regustabis redivivo gaudia nato.
 Sic ait, & baculo defigit lumina, servum
 Ad se deinde vocat ; dixitque, hoc leniter ora.
 Pone super pueri, jussum ille exêgit herile.

O nostræ, inclamo, spes certa & sola salutis !
 Da mihi te facilem ; non fas est credere servo
 Tantæ molis opus : si tu mecum ire recuses,
 Auritas mœsto vites clamore movebo,
 Et natum plorans, & tristia pectora plangens
 Vocales luctum montes resonare docebo.
 Plura fui dictura, dolor sed verba repressit ;
 At lacrymæ & gemitus habuêrunt pondera vocis.

Motus erat tandem questu, sedemque virentem

It; Liquit, & aërii descendit vertice montis
Ad Shunam tendens, propero via longaue cursu
Correpta optatas oculis mox obtulit arces;
Ad portam nobis sese dedit obuius altam
Regrediens servus : pallentes plumbeus artus
Mortis adhuc pueri tenuit sopor, intima donec
Fatidicus miseri intravit penetralia tecti.

Multa animo volvens juxta stetit ille cadaver,
Lugentesque seorsum excedere jussit amicos;
Deinde preces fundens afflavit lumine caelum
Corpus, & extemplo distendit flamine venas
Purpureo sanguis, vitalem membra vigorem
Senserunt, victum cessitque ignobile lethum.
Sic cædi invigilans balantis ab ubere matris
Quando agnum lupo eripuit, ferus ore cruento
Dilacerat ; sed si venientem forsitan audit

Pastorem, indignans, tamen actus linquere prædam,
Præcipitatque fugam, completque ululatibus agros.

Nunc vates cupidis dat natum amplectier ulnis,
Cui mage purpureo vultus rubuère colore,
Atque oculi plusquàm solito fulgore micabant.
Non aliter quàm cùm Phœbus, fulgente coruscum
Qui vehit axe diem, tegitur caliginis umbrâ;
Cum primo auricomum tenebris caput exerit atris
Splendidus vibrat jubar, aut vibrare videtur.

Definit hic matrona loqui, numerosaque turba
Respondens junctis sic claudit vocibus hymnum :
Armipotens Deus ! Imperii quàm dirigit æquâ
Fræna manu, vitamque viris vel funera misces !
Te globus immensus Terræ, te lucida summi
Regna poli agnoscunt Dominum ; tuque inclyte mundi
Sol Decus ætherei, qui comples lumine cœlum,

Redde Deo laudes, cum gurgite furgis Eoo,
 Hesperio & rutilos cum mergis in æquore currus.
 Tu noctis Regina argentea Luna, minores
 Vosque Ignes qui luce aspergitis æris amplos
 Cærulei tractus, vos O campique liquentes
 Marmoris æquorei, Regem laudate Jehovah,
 Horrida flammanti torquentem fulmina dextrâ.
 Vos fontes, amnes vitrei, & vaga flumina cursus
 Finditis ut liquidos, meritas persolvite laudes.
 Vos omnes, densæ nebulæ pluviique vapores
 Urgentes laudate Deum, laudate cadentes.
 At vos, Ifacidæ, pleno qui ducitis haustu
 Dulcia dona Dei, & toties miracula magna
 Vidistis, celebrate perenni nomen honore.

PARS TERTII CAPITIS Prophetæ
HABBAKUK.

Fulgore cinctus terribili Deus
Teman relinquens, & Paran arduum,
Complevit orbem dignitate
Et liquidi spatia ampla coeli;

Mors multiformis prævolat, & lues
Horrenda, morborum agmine lurido:
Stipatus incedit; voraces
Sub pedibus glomerantur ignes.

Emensus orbem luminibus, gravem:
Mundi timorem gentibus incutit:
In plana subfedere colles,
Et refugi tremuere montes.

Magno

Magna feroces Æthiopus metu
 Vidi paventes ; vidi ego territos
 Orbem remotos, & trementem
 Horrisono Midian tumultu.

Videri Rivi Te pavidi ; juga
 Videri Te, Te flumina, & intimis
 Terrore perculsi cavernis
 Æquorei gemuere fluctus.

Iglinosâ nocte premit polum ;
 Nit fugaces Sol pavitans equos,
 Nec triste pallens Luna curat
 Noctivagos agitare cursus.

Sere Gentes quid Deus impiæ
 Sit Jacobi : terribilem quatit
 Hastam, feruntur dum sagittæ
 Lethiferis per inane pennis.

Fluenta cursu præcipiti retrò
 Volvere fluctus ; attonitus petit
 Jordanus urnam, dum triumphans
 Per trepidas equitavit undas.

Tantæ ruinæ dum Sonitus minax
 Perstringit aures, faucibus obruta
 Vox hæret, imas & pavores
 Horrifici penetrant medullas.

Si terra fructus edere desinat,
 Natura languens si pereat, carnam
 Te Principem terræ, Jehovah,
 Te superi Dominumque cœli.

Ad AMICUM.

CHAROLE, dispeream si fit mihi gratior ulla

Litera, quam vestrâ charta notata manu;

Quò magè perlegi, magè delectavit ocellos,

Sed te plus nimio conqueror esse brevem;

Propterea verborum multò jucundior esset,

O malè deliciis invidiose meis!

Tristitia si quæras cur sint mihi carmina cordi;

Conveniunt forti carmina mæsta meæ.

Qualis in Exilium Romanis actus ab oris

Flebilibus lussit Naso poëta modis,

Qualiter aut flevit crudelem questus amicam,

Fugit ut amplexus dura Corinna suos;

Eugene

Lugubris absentes sic plorat Musa sodales,

Sic trahit infaustam tardior hora diem ;

Non aures mulcent arguti ad vina lepores,

Non jacet in cupido blandula nympha finu ;

Hinc curæ accedunt, hinc surgit origo doloris ;

At nostri superest altera causa mali :

Annua vicini celebrabant festa coloni,

Ornabat dubias rustica pompa dapes,

Ruricolæ venêre viri, venêre puellæ,

Edidit & gracilem tibia flata sonum.

Unica de multis perstrinxit lumina nymphis,

Me mihi purpureæ surripuêre genæ ;

Qualiter umbrosis incedit montibus Hæmi

Virgineo Dryadum Delia cincta choro,

Lascivis præbet vestem diffundere ventis,

Ludunt ambrosiæ colla per alba comæ.

Haud fecus hæc motu nymphas supereminet omnes,

Et roseo placidam spirat ab ore necem.

vebant Paphiâ concurrere membra palæstrâ,
 ossa repentinus tangit & ima calor ;
 si blanditias, dixi mollissima verba,
 sed manet irato furdior Illa mari ;
 si casta minùs, minùs aut formosa fuisset,
 previssè Cyprii spicula vana Dei.
 bellam curas, & fallam tædia vitæ
 am propero Aonias sollicitare Deas.
 ed facis, infœlix ? pergis dare vela procellis ?
 adversis demens fluctibus ire paras ?
 ffum tentas dispergere nubila fortis,
 Tanto erit haud præsens musa medela malo.
 nine quàm nigro ducunt mea fila sorores !
 lei mihi, quàm misero vita tenore fluit !
 nium peterem, sed Tonfor, Sartor, & Hospes
 Nomina sunt ipso penè timenda sono.
 feres longi, carissime, meta doloris,
 aspera sed mihi te, me tibi fata negant.

Non

Non semper rutilos obscurant nubila cœlos,
Non semper tumidis volvitur æquor aquis,
Haud aliter mutet vultus fortuna severos,
Et veniat votis mollior aura meis.
Sed donec mihi te reddat felicior hora,
Hinc eat & redeat mutua charta. Vale.

ad JOANNEM G——S——NUM, Equitem.

Ellicum, G——f——ne, animosus hostis,

Per minus castas Druriæ tabernas

his incedens abeas Diones

Æquus Alumnis.

per (ah dictu miserum!) *Olivera*

vit ereptas viduata mæchas,

as tuum vidit genibus minores

Ante tribunal.

re, cur tantâ in Veneris ministras

tuas ira? posito furore

ades, multâ & prece te vocantem

Gratior audi!

ne fat mæchas malè feriatas

get infestis fera fors procellis?

D

Adderis

Adderis quid tu ulterior puellis

Causa doloris

Incolunt eheu ! thalamos supernos,
Nota quæ sedes fuerat Poëtis ;
Nec domum argento gravis ut solebat

Dextra revertit

Nympha quæ nuper nituit theatro
Nunc stat obscuro misera angiportu,
Supplici vellens tunicam rogatque

Voce Lyæum

Te voco rebus Druriæ ruentis ;
Voce communi Britonum Juventus
Te vocat, nunc ô ! dare te benignum

Incipe vo

Singulum tunc dona feret lupanar :
Liberum mittet *Rosa* Lusitanum,

alici *Haywarda* & generosa mittet

Munera Bacchi ;

te forsan moveat libido,

dis pellex requiescet ulnis

lida effætas renovare lento

Verbere vires.

D :

Ad

AD AMICUM.

QUA potior fanus tibi, *Carole*, mitto salutem;
 Sed præter solitum te tacuisse queror :
 Cynthia decrevit, lucemque coegit in orbem,
 Nec venit ad nostras litera lenta manus.
 Quæ legis ex illis scribo, carissime, campis
 Quos * *Ninus* placidis lambit amænus aquis.
 Aspice ut Autumnus ridentem temperat annum
 Effundens pleno munera larga sinu ;
 Mitior æstivâ, brumali mitior aurâ,
 Ut nimis hæc friget, sic nimis illa calet.
 Luxuriat roseis vindemia læta racemis,
 Nectareoque tumet pensilis uva mero.
 Tempora maurant fructus, & poma coloni
 Frugiferæ carpunt aurea dona Deæ.

* Fluvius in comitatu Northampt.

agricolæ dociles ducunt ad aratra juvencos,
 Et dant fœcundo femina flava solo.
 œbus ut exoriens perfundit lumine cœlum
 Venator volucres cogit in arva canes.
 n;
 cibus infidior vitrei stans margine rivi,
 Dum lenis tremulo murmurat aura sono.
 andia Mœonii miror modo carmina Cygni,
 Ut struxit proprium perfida Troja rogam;
 Adentesque duces, & pingues sanguine campos,
 Et video hostiles bella movere Deos.
 Quem non mellitæ tangit facundia linguæ
 Dum ciet Argolicas Nestor ad arma manus?
 Quantus Achilleis fulget Patroclus in armis
 Dum vibrat Lycio tela tremenda duci!
 rs nulla immensi ridet mihi gratior orbis,
 Non habet angellum terra Britannia parem;
 Cereri & Baccho tellus carissima! fruges
 Prodigus haud parcâ spargit uterque manu:

Optima Campano non cedit vitis Iaccho,

Certat & Hesperio nobilis Alla mero.

Hæc plaga formosis splendet ditissima nymphis,

Et superat Paphiæ regna beata Deæ ;

Singula quot nitidis exultat villa puellis !

Quàm patet in nostros Area lata modos !

Gaudia quantumvis mihi fundere rura videntur,

Delicii fine te debilis umbra manet.

Quando erit ut videam caros dilectæ sodales ?

O mihi Theseâ pectora juncta fide !

Optatum ad portum me mollior aura reducet,

Et spero faciles in mea vota Deos ;

Sed nunc mandato claudetur Epistola parvo :

Sis nostri memor, ut sum memor Ipse Tui.

Ad GALLUM.

I nimis longum tacui, Sodalis
Care, concedas veniam roganti,
Megasthenes vultuque parum severo

Carmen amici.

seu fumum placidum Tabacci
pipis; reddisque, humilis vel Allæ
las frondes Logicæ rigantis

Pocula fumis,

que si possis tubulum scyphumque,
que si possis comites jocosos,
paca paulum metricâ ligatis

Compede nugis.

Rustici

Rustici nuper (quod ad umbilicum
Duxerant messē) Cereri litabant,
Sedula & lautis epulis parabat

Villica mensas;

Captus agrestis novitate moris
Ad dapes veni dubias vocatus,
Ebibique Allæ calices biennis

Lege solutos

Armiger Zytho riguus potenti
Ructibus voces mutilat, jocosque
Amputans, lassas stolido cachinno

Vulnerat aures;

Majus haud monstrum generatur Illo,
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum,
Plumbeo cui præ catulis equisque

Omnia sordent

Sicco abhinc fluxit mihi vita cursu :
Tu rigas plenis Cyathis amicos,
Blandulâ aut quæris vacuus puellâ

Fallere noctem.

Sob

orio & præter solitum pudico
 machinâ mî non opus est amicâ,
 as; orreo nec quos malefana sparget

Nympha calores.

allice & vino careo; sed usus
 a me ferre edocuit, jubetque
 atos. audio solari animum priori,

Speque futuri.

res;

lent.

tem.

Sob

Ad

Ad AMICUM cum JOANNIS SECUNDI
OPERIBUS.

CArmina quæ lufit plectro levior*e Secundus*
 Exiguum nostri pignus amoris habet ;
 Lumine percurras facili quem Zoilus Ipse
 Vix neget antiquis vatibus esse parem ;
 In quo Nafonis redivivi Mufa refurgit
 Pandit ut Idaliæ myftica fâcra Deæ ;
 Phœbeos, Cypriosque ambo fenfêre calores,
 Deperiêre pares, & cecinêre pares ;
 Julia succendit natum Sulmone poëtam,
 Torruit Hagenfem Julia pulcra virum ;
 Belgica Romanæ non cedit Julia nymphæ,
 Nec cedis vati, dive Secunde, fuo.
 Julia digna tuis, etiamque indigna Camænis,
 Julia candidior, frigidiorque nive !

Quis non afficitur, cui non est causa dolendi,

Cum jacet alterius dura puella finu ?

Quis tamen afficitur, vel cui fit causa dolendi,

Sævitiae relegit dum monimenta suæ ?

Candida mox visit juvenem Venerilla poëtam

Languidulis oculis, aureolisque comis ;

Omnibus in vestras placuerunt carmina laudes,

Cur tibi cui voluit non, Venerilla, placent ?

Salvete æternum Dominæ sacrata Neæræ

Basia, Acidalii numine plena Dei !

Basia, perfusi Cythereo nectare versus !

Basia vel Cypriæ digna placere Deæ !

Accedis Paphiâ religatus tempora myrto,

Et colis Elyfias, Umbra beata, plagas ;

Ecce ! tibi vates assurgunt, Naso, Tibullus,

Et Flaccus Lyrici gloria magna Chori.

Te socium accipiunt, videórque audire catervám

Unanimi tales edere voce sonos :

Hic vir hic est carus Phœbo, Venerisque sacerdos,
 Qui cecinit Gnidiæ basia dona Deæ ;
 O felix Juvenis ; cape præmia carmine digna,
 Sisque inter Vates primus, ut illa Deas.

Ad SEXTUM.

I V A lascivi genetrix amoris

Druriam liquit modò multùm amatam,

Coentino propiore curâ

Præfidet Horto;

it *Howardæ* thalamum protervæ,

otæ liquit penetræle tecti,

ie jam *Coxæ* Venus in decoram

Transtulit ædem;

nat hîc luxu insolito, hîc ruinæ

fluit pubes studiosa, mœchi

seunt crebri redeuntque, & odit

Janua limen.

E

Clarior

Clarior clarâ mēretrix Philippâ

Sub jugum victas juvenum catervas

Misit, & scortis agit invidendum

Coxa triumphum;

Fausta præ cunctis, cupidis virentes

Quam foveant ulnis Juvenes : senilis

Graya dum Civis ciet impotentem

Verbere penem.

Fisa sed cœlo & Zephyro secundo

Latiùs vela haud metuens procellæ

Explicat, sperat placidumque semper

Credula pontum;

Mox frement venti, exitioque foeti

Ingruent fluctus, scopuli patebunt

Abditi, & mergent fragilem æstuosa

Æquora puppim.

illa venalis stat in angiportu ;

Prokia Hawardæ celebrat culinam

nocte pertendens riguis Iaccho

Retia mœchis

oper obscœnas pedes it tabernaz ;

ara paupertas malè *Morrisonas*

opprimit, mœchas sub inauspicato

Sydere natas.

ronniæ splendorem hebetavit ætas ;

erlesis turpis macies decentem

cupat vultum, parilem dabitque

Coxa ruinam.

egram serva ante alias amatam

viam, & famam vigili tuère

mine, huic primo, Venus, huic supremo

Annuè Voto !

Præbeas si te facilem vocanti
Te colam, Diva, assiduus, sequarque
Te metûs expers, & inibo vestra

Prælia inermi

Irritas sed quid juvat obferatis
Auribus futire preces? subibit
Pellicis (fera ah fubeat!) dolendam

Sylvia forte

Cum nihil certi stabilisve Parcæ
Invidæ humanæ tribuere genti,
Expedit Divum colere explicatâ

Fronte Lyau

Hanc mihi normam posuisti, in hâc te
Assequar, dilecte, libens, tuoque
Eluam exemplo tetricas Oportæ

Æquore cu

Q
U
ectit
Enun
mque
Respi
ndeba
Ad loc
a non
Qua n
nc an
rrigui
sempe
Et Lun

Ad SEXTUM.

R Ualis Threïcias exul damnatus ad oras,
 Vel riget æterno quâ Nova Zembla gelu,
 pectit causasque moræ, lacrymisque rigatus
 Enumerat liquidæ tædia longa viæ,
 Fortemque ratis vehitur spatiosa per æquora ponti,
 Respicit ad patrii littora cara soli;
 Indebam tali depressus pectora luctu
 Ad loca deliciis invidiosa meis,
 Quæ non purpurei delectant munera Bacchi,
 Quæ non Idaliæ dulcia dona Deæ.
 Inc animum absentes focii subiêre, meroque
 Irrigui mîsus, ambiguique sales,
 Semper faciles in amoris furta puellæ,
 Et Lunæ signo conspicienda domus;

Mox ruit in mentem qualis sese ore ferebat

Sylvia, dum jacui captus amore finu,

Brachia dum circumque dedi, veneresque pererrans

Fixi molliculis oscula mille genis,

Qui titillantes respere per ossa calores

Mentula dum gratum coepit amoris opus!

Gaudia dum placido jacui languore solutus,

Fingere vix animus, pingere *Musa* nequit.

Sylvia, druricolas inter pulcherrima nymphas!

Sylvia lascivi gloria prima chori!

Quando iterum tepidos liceat penetrare recessus?

Quando iterum roseo basia ab ore bibam?

Basia quæ gelidam poterint renovare senectam!

Basia amatori digna placere *Jovi*!

Quid mihi si teneat *Civem Bartona* catenis

In coitu crebras docta movere nates?

Quid mihi si lascivâ *Antonia* polleat arte,

Calleat & Venerem sollicitare manu?

on mihi sunt cordi—— me *Sylvia* sola perurit

Languidulis oculis, lacteoloque finu.

excitat, & nostras potis est restinguere flammās,

Et Peni vires Illa dat, Illa rapit.

unc mala fors faustis nimis, ah! nimis invida rebus

Me gremio avulfit, *Sylvia* pulcra, tuo;

quàm malè sustinui discedens dicere longum

Cara vale, longum *Sylvia* cara vale!

onjuge vix gemit curis propioribus Orpheus

Raptā iterum ad Stygii lurida regna Dei.

numeri luctus tardant mihi temporis alas,

Et mentem nigro pondere cura premit.

ure morans quid agam? latet alto pectore vulnus;

Nascitur haud nostris rure medela malis;

ic uno repenti & eodem tramite surgit

Nil veniente die, nil abeunte, novi.

iverfo longe properant tibi tempora cursu,

Singula delicias exhibet hora novas:

Nocte

Nocte *Rosam* celebras hilari comitante catervâ,

Et te das fociis, tristitiamque notis ;

Præ cunctis caræ libas de more puellæ

Munera Cornigeri nobiliora Dei.

Forſitan Italici te ludicra pompa theatri,

Scenæ, verſiculi rerum inopesque juvant,

Orcheſtrâque fedes, delectatâque canoros

Semiviri modulos combibis aure Chori,

Dum Reges pereunt Cygnorum more canentes,

Tibia & imbelles inflat ad arma manus.

Cum ſolitus ſuadet vigor & tentiginis æſtus,

Sub ſigno Cypriæ bella movere Deæ,

Aut animam niveis *Catharinæ* effundis in ulnis,

Aut te molliculo mulcet *Eliza* ſinu.

Scire cohors quid agit Veneri devota laboro ;

(Vix te de genere hoc ulla latere puto)

Fertilis an mœchas miſit J U V E R N A recentes ?

Sana quid ad præſens Scorta lupanar habet ?

Quæsitæ floretne tenax *Antonia* palmæ?

Pellacine sedet pristinus ore decor?

n Juvenem flammâ dignum meliore perurit

Haud Oculis facies infidiosa meis?

ic, quali regnat pompâ REGINA CORINTHI,

Et quos jam lactat luxuriosa procos;

n gemmis magè quàm formâ spectanda theatro

Fulget adhuc nitidi publica cura Chori?

ostremum liceat de te mihi pauca rogare:

Quæ jam venali Laïs amore capit?

ongrederisne ferox Penem circumdatus armis,

An ruis Idaliæ nudus ad acta Deæ?

n pellex malefana accendit in Inguine flammæ,

Et pateris telo vulnera facta tuo?

ed te (ni fallor) fecere pericula cautum,

Et toties passum spero carere malis.

quot tecum noctes vinoque jocisque dicavi!

Heu! meminisse piget, dum meminisse juvat;

Te

Te mœsto quamvis mala fors sejunxit amico,

Solvere amicitiae vincula firma nequit.

Concelebres alio si terras sole calentes,

Te nulla ex animo deleat hora meo.

Accipe vota precor (mihi nil nisi vota supersunt)

Det fortuna tibi quod mihi dura negat ;

Liber & alma Venus tibi dona perennia fundant,

Et fallat noctem Diya, Deusque diem.

Ad SEXTUM.

UM frequens cultor Veneris, puellas

Insequens circum nemora uvidique

ginem Cami, Paphiâ fatigas

Membra palæstrâ;

furtivos meditans amores

ine erecto & tenui crumenâ

te sublustri peto KIDNIENSEM

Fervidus Aulam;

coronatis Genio culullis

indulgens cerebro tabernas,

nec, & luscum, poterit Falerni

Fallere testa.

Sed

2

Sed parùm arguti sapiunt fodales,
Indicæ languet sapor omnis herbæ,
Et minùs gratum est sine te jocosì

Munus Iacchi

O mihi irrupto sociate amoris
Vinculo, cum quo Cypriæ secutus
Signa sum matris, roseique cum quo

Signa Lyæi

Quando erit Grantam ut videam tenentem
Te mei partem haud minimam, meroque
Quando erit tecum ut liceat morantem

Frangere noctem

Interim (quamvis mihi te negarint,
Me tibi, Parcæ) regione nostrâ
Missilis quicquid novitatis extat

Charta docebit

(ni mendax mihi falsa narrat
na) non pridem laqueo Tyburni
dula læsa est malè se secuto ex

Arbore collum.

lia absentem sine fine *Rufum*
et, & mœcho haud aliò calebit,
am acu fallit, Venerisque dudum

Castra reliquit;

ut antiqui cecinère vates)
it ereptum viduata Ulyssēm
sa, percurrens minuitque luctus

Pectine telam.

e cui cedat meretrix apud vos
a *Cowella*? Paphizæne matris
erit BARNWELLA fidiorem

Vestra ministram?

F

Callidè

Callidè in portum resupina amoris
Dirigit Penem, hìc Gnidiæ litamus
Fervidi Divæ, & vetus ara multo

Fumat odore

Jam ferè longo satiata ludo
Otium poscit Juvenes ; gravescit,
Et tui pars, ut perhibet, tumentì

Conditur alvo

Alma mox prolem dubiam daturæ
Diva sis præsens genitalis, acres
Mitiga planctus, hebetaque durì

Spicula fati

Nascere optata ò soboles ! sequaris
Si puer, mores patris, at puellam
Si velint Parcæ, Cytherea matrìs

Imbuat arte non ocu

Ad HENRICUM.

Ympha Coventini quæ gloria fulserat Horti,
 Cui vix vidisset Druria vestra parem,
 Il, inops, liquit proprios miseranda Penates,
 Fortunæ extremas sustinuitque vices,
 Nec trahit infaustam tenebroso in carcere vitam,
 Nec levat insolito mollia membra toro:
 Desis, ah! quantum, quantum mutaris ab Illâ
 Carlese, quæ Veneris maxima cura fuit!
 Te tuâ risere olim Charitesque Jocique,
 Sic fuerant Paphiæ currus & arma Deæ;
 Erunt Cives, arsit Judæus Apella,
 Et te bellorum deperiêre chori.
 Fordes pallensque genas, & flaccida mammas,
 Non oculi, quondam qui micuere, micant.

Heu ubi formosæ referentes lilia malæ !

Labra ubi purpureis quæ rubuêre rosis !

Te puer Idalius, te fastiditque juvenus

Tam marcescentem, dissimilemque tui.

Siccine tam fidam curas Erycina ministram ?

Hæccine militiæ præmia digna tuæ ?

O Venus ! ô nimium nimiumque oblita tuarum !

Carlesis an meruit sortis acerba pati ?

Quæ posthâc arisve tuis imponet honorem,

Ardebit posthâc vel tua Castra sequi ?

Omni-genas æquo circumspice lumine mœchas

Quas tua pellicibus Druria dives alit,

Quæ cellas habitant, vicos peditesve peragrant,

Aut quæ Wappinios incoluêre Lares ;

Invenienda fuit nusquam lascivior, artûs

Mobilior, sacris vel magis apta tuis.

Carlesis ah nostris & flenda & fleta Camænis !

Accedat vestris nulla medela malis ?

vereor miseram fortuna tenaciter anget,

Nec veniet rebus mollior aura tuis.

tibi (sitque precor) pellex, *Henrice*, virescens

Quæ te primævâ simplicitate capit;

Illi teneræ languescat gratia formæ,

Ita Illi cursu candidiore fluat,

Iuge sit Batavo felix, tutusque fruaris

aurea dum crassâ Cornua fronte gerit.

Ad BACCHUM.

DIVE Thebanæ soboles puellæ
Mixta quem mater peperit Tonante,
Dive qui vinco metuente solvi

Nectis amicos

Nubilas præfens remove curas
Porrigit frontem minùs explicatam,
Et Dionæis agitata mulces

Pectora telis;

Linque Campanos Siculosque colles,
Linque Nutricis juga celsa Nysæ,
Et meum comple, Deus alme, toto

Numine pectus!

puer longum Veneris marinae
 ulis urgens cruciavit, adfissus
 us, & foelix miserere nostri,

Dive, laboris!

(ni falsum cecinere vates)
 mortali caluisse quondam
 ris, nec te puduit decorâ

Virgine vinci :

cas quando spoliis onustus
 or Ægides reparavit oras,
 diffundens nimium secundo

Turgida vento :

desertis Ariadna terris
 a de falso doluit marito,
 percussio sonuere Naxi

Littora planctu ;

Tu

Tu capistratis rediens ab Indis
Tigribus vectus, viridique cinctus
Pampino crines, placidâ bibisti

Aure querelas

Mox ubi nympham lacrymis venustam
Videras, ictus caluisti amore,
Et pares sensim subiêre nymphæ

Pectora flammæ

Adfuit ridens, Erycina, puris
Tuque cum tædis, Hymenæe, testes
Igne quàm fido colis Ipsê nuptam,

Nupta maritum.

Dulcia experte ô fine felle amoris
Jam fave, Lenæe pater, vocanti;
Et fuga sævum nimis ulceroso

Corde Tyrannum!

T

am tuo gratus meditans honores
 amini haud parcos calices litabo,
 ce dum Sol exoriens rubentem

Pingit Olympum ;

amque mî pectus calet, altiori
 e canam plectro, numeros puellæ
 sbiæ, vel dulce sequens Sabini

Carmen Oloris;

Ad

Ad CAROLUM B.....

ATRA curarum minuens Geneva.
Occidit duro nimium statuto
Pellici & Vati malè consulentis

Parliamentis

Utilis mœchæ fuit & Poëtæ ;
Sprevit hinc Vates Dolopum catervas,
Mœcha *Gonsonum* tetricâ minantem

Fronte laborem,

Solvitur justas Drurla in querelas,
Per Coventini spatia ampla & Horti
Plangor auditur, gemitusque, tunsa &

Pectora palmis.

Talbot

botam fortuna premet ; relinquent

leſis quondam miſeræ Penates

glaſa & *Johnson* duo perſicacis

Fulmina linguæ.

ma inornatis queritur capillis ;

ſuper caro dolet eſſe ſucco

la, *Plumarum* cyathisque verſis

Hospita mœret.

icum grata ô ! ſuperis & imis,

na vale longumque vale inter omnes

inens ſuccos, veluti Peſteſtres

Fanny puellas ;

ce *Plumarum* decus & columna,

ny, ſeu *Brimſtona* probas vocari !

udens, apta & Veneri, & jocoſo

Apta Lyæo.

Suave

Suave *Grubæi* doluere Cygni,
Dulce tam fudère melos canentes,
Ut forent Ipsi moribundi acerbâ

Morte Geneva

O vitro fons splendidior Poëfis !
Tu dabas Ignemque animumque Vati,
Tu dabas sacros, pereunſque tolles

Mente furores

Quis chori nunc Pierii ſuperſtes
Flebit abſentem Laribus Britannis
——, dum gens patienter audit

Fœminæ habenas

Quis ſimul liquit Batavûm Penates
Vota Neptuno pia fundet ? almam
Quis Thetin pinget vigili tuentem

Numine puppim

is canet Regem litui tubæque

licra & ficti simulacra belli

em juvant, stat dum innocuas tremendus

Ante Cohortes?

ion quam consiliis *Roberti*

ret! en! ut pacificis *Horati*

bus Mavors agitur beatis

Finibus Exul.

eum genti redit en! *Britannæ*

ulum; tuti volitant per æquor,

truces nostri metuunt ut olim

Navitæ Iberos.

Lyræ pollens patiensque Phœbi

eris hæc ancipiti legenda

fide? vani procul exulate

Mente timores:

G

Cibber

Cibber en ! grato superest labori,
 Carus argutæ Fidicen *Thaliæ*,
 Lucidum nostræ columenque, spesque

Unica laus

Concinet majore Poëta plectro
 ———, quandoque calens furore
 Gestiet circa thalamum ferire

Calce galeræ

Concinet faustos Britonas, pacem
 Confili mentem *Carolinæ*, *Iulium*
 Martium, at patrem minimè sequentem

Passibus æ-

Cum premet gesta & *Gulielmi*, & *Annæ*,
 Invidis ætas tenebris, *Camænam*
Collii, nostra & pariter stupebunt

Sæcla Nep-

By a FRIEND,

*COPY of VERSES on BETTY CLOSE'S
coming to the Town, humbly addressed to all
Ladies of Pleasure of the Year 1736.*

MOURN every Nymph, whom Providence has
(left

all, but your Celestial Charms, bereft :

to barter Beauty for the Lust of Gold,

like a Place at Court are to be sold ;

Age, or Impotence, your Charms betray,

lump of dull inanimated Clay,

Sharpers, Coxcombs, 'Prentices, or Beaus,

Womenkind have neither Friends, nor Foes)

taut with all your Arts each languid Vein,

not one genial Drop of Lust remain !

Fair * *Prestland* comes ; inferior Beauties fly !
 A *Hellen* cannot with a *Venus* vie.
 Scatter like Mists before the Rising Sun !
 The fairest Nymph will be but last undone.

Clarke must live chaste, and perjur'd † *Latimore*
 Shall cease to clap Mankind, that is—— to whore.
 Peace to Thy Ashes, fair unhappy Shade !
 By Beauty ruin'd, and to Vice betray'd ;
 Who fell an early Sacrifice to Lust,
 And now what once the World ador'd—— is Dust.
 Here ‡ *Delia* claims a tributary Tear,
 With Frailty modest, tho' a Whore, sincere ;
 Contented with the Charms that Nature gave,
 She made Mankind Her Momentary Slave ;
 Like forward Fruit was blasted in Her Bloom,
 Whose Wit, and Beauty, found an early Tomb.

* Her Husband's Name.

† She died this Winter, in the 23d Year of her Age.

‡ *Nanny Featherstone*, who died this Winter, in the 20th Year of
 Age, very much lamented by all Gentlemen of Pleasure.

Deities ! whom perjur'd Lovers flight,
 From such a Fate preserve unhappy *Knight*,
 Whose pleasing Form and Merit might suffice,
 To charm the sordid Wretch that gain'd the Prize ;
 So far from Pity, triumphs in his Guilt,
 And boasts o'er Wine the Virgin Blood he spilt.

Now *Cox* but with diminish'd Rays will shine,
 And down fair *Preßland's* Beauty more divine ;
 Heavens will curse all Whores, nor spare e'en *Carter*,
 From worn-out *Careless* to fair *Kitty Walker* ;
 And *Antony* will drop her Crest,
 And condescend for Shillings to be blest.
 As when bright *Venus* glides along the Sky,
 Celestial Beauties from Her Presence fly,
 Mortal Deities Her Charms adore,
 And own with Envy Her superior Power.

Let the Fair Sex, whom peevish Honour calls
 To guard their Virtue in Enchanted Walls,
 From Her Example learn : When Nature gave
 Pride to command, and Beauty to enslave,
 She never meant it like the Miser's Store,
 To keep in Plenty the Possessors poor ;
 But let their Charms shine o'er the conquer'd Ball,
 And be Ador'd, Enjoy'd, and Lov'd by All.

When thus apply'd, to whomsoever 'tis given,
 Beauty's the Blessing, else the Curse of Heaven.

Obitum ELIZABETHÆ CLOSE,
Salacis Memoriae.

ECUS Puellarum & Juvenum dolor

Me, *Closa*, poscis tendere barbiton,

Manesque carmen luctuosum

Sollicitant pretiosiores.

sinistra Divæ sedula Cypriæ

! *Closa*, vitæ in limine concidis,

libido cui famam perennem

Idaliâ peperit palæstrâ.

es feretro frigida, pallida,

morte in ipsâ lubrica conspici;

O præcoci direpta fato!

O Paphio magis apta ludo!

Videre

Videre flentem jam videor comis

Passis Ministram, jam manibus piis

Cadaver ornantem cupressi

Fronde nigrâ, fragilique myrto.

Amoris olim ô ! prodiga, & abstinens

Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ !

Laudanda Pellex ! rara Virtus,

Druricolis veneranda Nymphis !

O ! si Senator, si similis tui

Aurum irretorto lumine viderat,

Non gens doleret pressâ, rerum et

Candidior remearet ordo.

Vitale flumen dum roseâ genas

Pinxit juventâ, pulcrior in tuos

Vix ivit amplexus, Adoni,

Idaliis Erycina lucis.

tu benigno dum tibi riserit
 fortuna, dum te sollicita ambiit
 Pubes, & exultans catenis
 Molliculis requievit ulnis;

tona non te clarior extitit;
 in floruit te *Coxa* beator
 Quanquam Coventinum per Hortum
 Egit Equos volucremque currum;

ae nunc decenni trita libidine
 ndem recumbit Conjugis in sinu;
 Feliciorem te sed atro
 Styx novies cohibet fluento.

u! cogit omnes dura necessitas:
 rmosa multi nominis occidit
Clevelanda, nec *Gwynnam* valebat
 Angliaco placuisse Regi.

Merfa

Merfa est acerbo funere sanguinis

Vanella clari, nec grave spiculum

Averteret fati Machaon,

Nec madido *F*—— Ore.

Atqui priorum nunc meretricibus

Te, *Cloſa*, miſces temporum, & Angliam

Oſtendis almam matrem Amoris

Posthabitâ coluisse Cypro :

Te Laïs olim nobilis, invido

Te nata Ledâ lumine conspicit,

Te summa formâ, summa sceptro

Niliaci Cleopatra regni.

Te sæpe sanam, semper amabilem

Morti vetabit cedere Pieris,

Sed fleta, sed secura famæ

Per Juvenum volitabis ora.

clara pellex, utere honoribus !

clara pellex, fat tibi vixeris !

Haywarda te flet, te fidelis

Beswicius Veneris sacerdos.

O umbra felix ! temne volubilis

am tuta fortis nubila, *Druriæ*

Morbosque spectans & dolores

Elysiis miserêre *Campis*.

Ad

Ad THOMAM G.....

O SÆPE mecum sollicitudines
 Mulcens Lyæi munere candidi
 Bacchate, donec sol resurgens
 Æthereis radiabat arvis,

Thoma meorum prime sodalium !
 Ex quo relictis non bene poculis
 Arcebar à Grantâ feroces
 Myrmidonum fugiens catervas.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio
 Me rure clausit, jam nimium diu !
 Dum tu revisis multùm amatæ
 Fumum, & opes, strepitumque Romæ

in forte felix, quærere distuli

no more fallis tempora, nam reor

Te non inertem, siue fontes

Pieræ studiosus artis

actos recludis, seu Genium mero

ras sodales inter amabiles,

Seu te virentem suadet æstus

Idalias iterare pugas.

Fortuna si nunc ridet amicior,

dat nitentem mox nebulis diem;

Mortalis ævi horæque pennâ

Aufugiunt trepidante solvi;

ego caducæ quisquis erit color

æ, benignâ munera seu manu

Fortuna fundat, seu malignâ

Quæ dederit rapiat; dolores

H

Donis

Donis Lyæi pellere Gallici

Memento, sed si difficilis negat

Crumena, succum Lusitanæ

Purpureum bibe gratus uva.

Nec herba defit clarus ab ultimis

Vati *Rolæus* quam bene consulens

Deduxit Indis, Ipse Vates,

Castaliæ decus Ipse turbæ;

Musis, jocoſo caraque Libero

O Herba ſalve ! Carmine nobili

Cantata *Thorî*, largè Apollo

Quem geminâ decoravit arte.

Ad GOTHOFREDUM C.....

R Ectius vivit, *Gothofrede*, nympham
 Qui videt formosam oculo irretorto,
 arda qui gestat Veneris domari

Nescia tellis;

e securus roseam videri

ectet *Howardam*, facile sive risus

ronia, vel te, *Catharina*, pubis

Cura Britannæ.

eger (si mens eadem fuisset)

piam fictâ caluisse flammâ

seram, nec surpuerat mihi me

Fulgor Ocelli;

Sed parum cautus perii tuendo ;
Mutuam linguæque fidem voventis
Combibi gratum malè fascinatâ

Aure venenum.

Te parens rerum nimio decore
Prodiga ornavit ; tibi, pulcra pellex,
Cederet Daphne peramata Phœbo,

Gnosîs Iaccho

Te simul pleno, Juvenum, theatro
Turba, fulsisti, coluit, secuta est.
Te nimis latè Cypriæque matris

Signa ferentem

Angliâ plures meditans triumphos
Galliam victâ celebras, timentque
Jam levem nymphæ tua ne retardet

Aura Juventæ

tamen felix ubicunque vivis!
 nemor quamvis malefida nostri es,
 c Dionæis cruciata curas

Corda sagittis.

erfitan te nunc viridem puella
 tua torret, *Gothofrede*, flammâ,
 ico gaudens, Paphiæque jam nunc

Cruda palæstræ;

nc finu mulces nimiûm fideli
 e languescens, vacuamque credis
 ude, juratos toties timentem &

Fallere Divos;

fidam sed mox alio calere
 ties, ventisque fidem dolebis
 aditam, & mollem vario fugatum

Pectore amorem.

Occupet nomen Juvenis beati
 Qui manet votis precibusque mœchæ
 Surdior ponto, atque agitante pontum

Surdior Euro

Fœmina ô solâ levitate constans !
 Me sat unius docuêre fraudes
 Quàm graves vel sub placido laterent

Æquore rupes

Ite spes blandæ teneræque, dulces
 Ite languores alimenta flammæ !
 Non Deo cedam redimire amanti

Tempora myrto

Sed furens suadet quoties libido,
 Druriæ vel me accipient tabernæ,
 Aut parùm fanis domus *Oliveræ*

Nota puellæ

Ad SEXTUM.

O QUI frequentes sorte beator
 Maligna quam mi fata negaverint,
 Amice, Romam, nocte gaudens
 Cum Sociis madidis Lyæo !

quæquam in remotâ parte Britannia
 e fors locavit, conspicit exerens
 Se Phœbus undis & recumbens
 Usque tui memorem & tuorum.

unc forte pellex Incola Druriae
 ci sagittam misit ab angulo
 Victoriæ secura, nigro
 Crine decens, roseoque vultu ;

Quo

Quo te beatum vulnere cogitans

Ictus medullas dulce periculum

Sectaris, incedens per Ignes

Suppositos cineri doloſo.

Parcus Diones cultor & infrequens

Libo capaces jam cyathos Deo

Cui Nyſa ridet, cui Falernus,

Et Siculi placuere colles.

Mox læta ſuadent munera perfidæ

Oblivionem ducere *Sylvia*,

Regina quam fovit Cytheræ

Perniciem Juvenum decoram.

Quàm penè Ocelli languor amabilis,

Collumque certans Threïcia nive

Me victimam duxit volentem

Idalias periturum ad aras !

Liber alino numine consulens

clitanti, me mihi reddidit,

trāsens Dionæos calores,

Et tetricas remove curas.

Ad

Ad MACRUM.

JAM Granta vanis sat lacrymis dedit,
 Tenentque mutas jam salices lyras
 Donata quas nuper ciebat
 Sera nimis *Carolina* coelo.

Si mi dedisset Cynthus Ingeni,
 Regina, vires, alite surgerem,
 Ferremque virtutes stupendas
 Perpetuâ super astra famâ.

Te floruerunt te miserabiles
 Musæ secundâ (credite Posteris)
 Languens & erexit decoram
 Religio, tua cura, frontem:

s revinctus tempora laurea,
 cisque testis fistula *Duckii*;
 octusque *Præsul Bristolensis*
 Grande decus columenque mitra.

sa luxum quid tibi profuit.
 alium & mens deliciarum egens?
 ongesta non auri talenta
 Multa brevem Dominam sequentur.

s coemptâ Socraticâ domo,
 sique purus quas Thamesis lavit;
 ntrumque venalis relinquis
 Materiam sterilem *Camcenæ*.

na, magnæ sit tamen hoc tui
 men umbræ : nobilis audies
 ecclesiæ tutela, temnens
 Arbitrium popularis auræ, &

Vindex

Windex Minervæ strenua ; quamdiù

«Cami fluentum Pierides colent,

Carmenque *Ducki* per virorum

Nobilium volitabit ora.

Rumpent sorores flamina luridæ ;

Amice, te mox accipiet ratis

Charontis invisa, & subibis

Tartareas levis umbra sedes.

Extractum Avaro quid misero invides

Thesaurum ? inanes quid titulos stupes ?

Mutare nec fati tenorem,

Nec valeant relevare curas.

Non est tuum, si fors furit improba,

Infanienti cedere turbini ;

Innexus at virtute acerbis

Sperne minas ; validum ingruenti

one pectus fortiter æquori ;

ata demùm nubila senties,

luctus recumbent, & nitebit

Mox radio meliore Phoebus.

pace mentem consilio, tui

nsque vivas sorte beatior,

quam si Tyranni possideres

Divitias operosiores.

I

I N-

INCERTI AUTHORIS.
Ad RUFILLUM.

O QUI potenti fortior Hercule
Nocturna misces prælia ! cui Venus
Penem fatigari dolentem, &
Indomitos dedit alma Clunes !

Quæ Thamefis te propter aquas Patris
Puella dulci jam foveat in Sinu ?

Quæ jam *Rufilli* proruentis
In Venerem tolerare Pondus

Virago gaudet ? num tibi pinguior
Susanna Pubem subjicit horridam ?

An mollis implumem *Mariæ*
Cunniculum penetrare tentas ?

mis beatus ! quem neque Gaudia

capta Licitor rumpere gessiens

Perturbat immitis, vetatve

Appositam tetigisse Vulvam.

Deserta mœret Druria Pellices

aptas ; abactos plus vice simplici

Greges Puellarum Ipsa flevit

Needhamia Veneris Sacerdos ;

quin & Ministras, Diva potens, tuas

lausere diri Carcere Judices ;

Et Cannabem trivere Palmæ

Proh Pudor ! ad meliora natæ.

uella, grato quæ modo verbere

guen ciebat non bene pertinax,

Haud ludicrum tandem nefandi

Carnificis timet Ipsa Flagrum.

Deserta rerum Vulva Parens dolet,
Mutatque notas Exilio Domus,
Hortosque devitat Jacobi,
Et latebras pudibunda quærit,

Ergo furentes irrita Mentulas
Tentigo rumpet ? non ita ; nam mihi
Quod Vulva non præbet Levamen,
Dextra dabit facilis petenti.

MER

2

MERETRICES BRITANNICÆ.

QUAM canam, Lenæ Pater, Puellam
 Gallia vinis, Cyathisque Oportæ
 fervidus, cujus resonent jocosa
 Pocula Nomen ?

ut in obscenis Druriae Tabernis,
 ut ubi Vico Rosa Bridgienti
 allulat Nympham temere insequenti
 Nota Juventæ,

arte maternâ rigida domantem
 Mentula Vires, agilique Clune
 et Manu blandâ elicere intumentum
 Inguine Semen ?

Quid prius dicam solitis optimæ

Laudibus *Guinnæ*, *Caroli* tremendum

Quæ manu penem variisque Sceptrum

Gesserat Horis

Nec tuæ Noctes Tenebris prementur

Invidis *Cleveland*; neque Te filebo

Præliis audax, metuenda certo

Vulnere Sall

Pellices dicam *BATAVAS*, potentem hanc

Parieti obnixis superare Lumbis,

Hanc Toro, cujus simul atra Regi

Vulva patere

Et Nates Lectum quaterent, Cubile

Perfidum magno crepuit Fragore

Ruptum, & ingenti tremuere——

Membræ Pavor

Mox retro cedens agitur Humor

Fugit ad sedes pavidus relictas ;

Et minax (sic Dii volente) Regis

Cauda recumbit.

Douglasam post has prius, san quietos

Salbotæ mores memorem, san salaces

Browniæ Fasces, dubito, san Flida

Nobile Lethum ;

Heathias, Howam, nimiumque Linguae

Prodigam Vino superante St. George

Gratus undanti referam culullo,

Westberiamque.

Hanc, & incomptis Leviam Capillis

Utilem Rixæ tulit, atque, Hopenam

ava Paupertas dubiique Patris

Tetra Libido.

Crescit

Crescit occultum Luis ut Venenum
 Gumliæ Nomen, micat inter omnes
 Fama Dav'nportæ veluti Tabernæ

Luna minores

Alma Scortorum Druriz Custos
 Orta Neptuno ! tibi Cura pulchræ
 Carlesis Fatis data, tu secunda

Carlese regnes

Illa, seu pubem tenuit catenis
 Pulvere albentes humeros amictam,
 Indiæ aut Navis domuit Magistrum

Merce beatum

Te minor nostro dominetur Orbi,
 Læta tu Sedes Paphias revives,
 Dum tuis Illa Auspiciis Britannum

Subjicit Orbem

A. A. ad J. K. M. D.

EPITHALAMIUM.

K——, ni mendax mihi falsa mittit
 Friendus, ex mœcho fieri maritus
 speris, partemque agit usitatæ

Pellicis Uxor.

quidni ego læter tibi gratulari
 Conjugi Conjux? Ego qui reliqui,
 Connubî Causâ, Patriam Domumque ux-

orius Exul.

um Sales spargunt lepidi Sodales
 e super vel me, cuperem interesse
 agna pars Risûs; sed ab hoc acerbâ

Lege remotus

Per-

Perfruor dulci alloquio pudicæ
Osculis sponsæ placidoque vultu,
Nec vidit sponsum mage amantem amatumvè

Ætherius Sol

Mille mi præter Paphia in palæstra
Gaudia ; at quod tu ingrediére castra,
Quæ fuit Causa ante Helenam duelli,

Unica Causa est

Estne qui cunctos quot amant Mathesin
Inter, ô Ductor Gregis, estne qui Te
Rectius novit, vel acutiori

Lustrat Ocell

Siderum Motus ? Tibi si qua proles
Nascitur, quicquid minitentur Astra,
Quid ferant læti, docilis futuri

Ante videb

tuos si quis Thalamos Adulter
 undere optaret, vetet Ars & Æther
 probos Ausus, & inermis esto, &

Incolumis Frons.

are age, & totis licitè Diebus
 ctibus totis Veneri litato,
 llum opus Sylvæ, aut recubare subter

Tegmina Fagi.

erim quicquid Vetulæ aut Puellæ
 riant, ne te Jecur intus angat :
 domi sistens, ede, hude, pota, &

Temne quod ultra est

amans Sponsæ, & mea si valent quid
 ta, sis felix : sed iniqua si fors
 mperit primam ; mora nulla, Sponsam

Sume secundam.

Est

Est (ubi nôsti) bene pasta Virgo,

Cuilibet iat par oneri ferendo ;

Ipse quam, fed mî meliora Divi,

Ducere rebar.

Hanc cape, & nostro ex loculo repente

Æra bis centum accipies & ultra :

Neminem tali nisi te Procorum

Dote beabo.

A. A. J. T. S.

E Senatorum Numero inferendum

Sponte suffragor : Quis enim loquendi

ibus pollet magis, aptiorvè est

Condere Leges?

per immensum Oceanum, & Liquores

le fulcanda est via : multa Fumi

bila erumpent, fluitansque Rivo

Alla perenni.

o salutandi Titulo modoque

lines nôsti Procerum, ambiendus

o fit aut Sartor Laniusvè Ritu,

Forte docendus.

K

Dexteram

Dexteram Dextræ, sed onustam inani
 Junge, (Res magni!) neque fastuosus
 Temne nudato Capite ante tectos

Stare Colonos

Disce Responsum rude, disce Scomama
 Perpeti, & Plebem stupidè insolentem,
 Forsque narrantem graviora veris

Crimina de t

Quos tibi vinum potiorvè Pellex
 Junxerit, Fratres sapiens adopta;
 Sed Patrem ante omnes venerare Brownum,

Brownigenosque

Proderit multùm Jocus, & joculari
 Scito te, cum das Colaphum, datumvè
 Sustines gnarè, patuloque tollis

Ore Cachinnu

[111]

id pudens Virgo, quid & impudica

petit, notum tibi sat superque :

tibi ad partes (facilis vocatu

Turba !) vocentur.

um si fors Anus optat, ah ! ne

puas ; nam quot Vetulæ salaci

udia impertis, tibi tot rependet

Grata Trineptis.

Ego vestri studiosus usque

modi raptim Documenta mitto :

id Senatorem decet, ornat, effert,

Post moniturus.

K 2

Resum

Festum Lustrale, sive Baptizatio Rustica.

SOLENNES ritus, puerumque aspergine lymphæ
 Sacratum superis, obstetricemque facetam,
 Hic canere incipimus: Faveat Lucina canenti;
 Tuque harum adjutrix curarum & conscia Juno!

Jam decima humentes aurora fugaverat umbras,
 Ex quo maternis infans vagisset in ulnis:
 Nec mora, vicini coeunt; jam dedita ventri
 Pars puerum sacra properant conspergere lymphâ.
 Interea pendent opera interrupta, ligoque
 Stat medio defixus agro, spinosæque sepes
 Semiputata manus agrestis poscit; at ille
 Jam parat, ut fociis cultus conviva colonis
 Interfit; juvat hunc disponere in ordine crines;
 Compositum conjux aptat collare marito.

minus ipsa sibi curat sua sponsa, tumentes
 infringit vinclis costas, fingitque premendo;
 namque suis nevit manibus, circumdata lanâ est.
 imponit vestes, tremulumque in vertice conum
 git, & farris conspergit pulvere crines.

Pars pedes ire parat campis; parsque ardua tardis
 tur equis; unâque armati calce fatigant
 adrupedes; lumbos onerat pinguissima conjux:
 equitem cura alma sedens, similibus cadenti,
 premit tutum tremebunda ad pectora sponsum:
 sibi pondus commissum reddere terræ
 audet, & optatas tandem contingere portas.

nam subeunt thalamum, sociasque puerpera matres
 cipit; illa humeros albo velamine cincta est,
 sedet in molli plumis suffulta sedili.
 tronæ spectant puerum; juvat ora tueri,
 versare manu, nasumque agnoscere patris,
 jorumque genas, & blandos matris ocellos.

Tunc avia has rumpit placido de pectore voces:
 Si patrem memini puerum, sic ora ferebat,
 Et sic ridebat teneris nutricis in ulnis.
 Altera spes aviæ surgas, meliora parente
 Arva colas, mediâque olim luctator arenâ
 Subvertas juvenes; tum parto indute galero
 Ibis ovans, tacitosque accendes Phyllidis ignes.
 At si larga meis flavescat messis in arvis,
 Nostraque longævo placeat sententia sponso,
 Tu nunquam attrito proscindas arva ligone,
 Nec subigas tauros; sed grandior Aldermannus
 Urbani incedes tardus post pondera sceptri.

Laudant propositum matres, & provida Mopsa
 Destinat æquævæ jam nunc connubia natæ.

Tandem procedunt matres, quas intereuntes
 Infantem manibus gestat Lucina tenellum,

Quem circumfuso nutrix ornaverat ostro,
 Demissâque stolâ pedibus, quâ Battus & omnes
 Batto soliti natos decorare recentes.

Tum subeunt templum, sacrumque ex ordine fontem
 applicibus cingunt genibus, gelidamque sacerdos
 pargit aquam, puero nomenque imponit avitum.
 Let puer, & vetulæ gaudentes omine fausto
 Non dubitant longam ex fletu prædicere vitam.

At domus interea luxu decoratur agresti :
 disponunt famuli lances, luteasque patellas,
 ornamenta abaci veteris, qui mole suâ stat
 ligno compositus sculpto. Tum lintea mensæ,
 lintea ficulnis imponunt candida quadris.
 pendula detergunt, quæ fixit aranea, fila ;
 bibliaque à nitidis tollunt antiqua fenestris,
 surseque modos, quos roserat esuriens mus.
 em ardor servos stimulat, quæis cura culinæ,
 accendunt ignem, verubusque affigere longis

Terga

Terga bovis properant, manibusque calentia versant.

Parte aliâ tepidum fumos emittit ahenum.

O genti alituum lux exitiosa ! Columba

Amiffo queritur tectorum in culmine foetus ;

Solaque neglectos errat gallina per hortos.

Illi cura penum struere, & spectabile pruno

Hæc miscet fartum ; farrisque hæc mœnia condit.

Illâ parte puer cultros in limine primo

Excavit ; multa abfistit scintilla metallo :

Fervet opus, suavi redolet nidore culina.

Hæc inter famuli variè properantur, & omnis

Jam redit à templo conviva, epulisque paratis

Accumbit tacitus ; primâque in sede locatur

Obstetrix, crassoque gemit sub pondere fella,

Plena ipsâ ; tunc illa bovis fumantia terga

Defecat in partes varias, mensamque per omnem

Mittit, & agrestes dapibus lætantur opimis,

Vinaque de pleno ducunt pomacea cornu

Ridente

identes, & sæpe calix redit actus in orbem
exhilarans animos, & corda oblita laborum.

Jam, Lucina, tui gliscunt incendia nasi,
et linguâ incessis tardos mordace maritos,
ultra annos vultumque gerens, animumque facetum :

“ O pecus ignavum, sponsi, quæis nullus in aula
audiat filiolus, nec dulcis filia, patrem
que recreet placidis redeuntem vespere nugis,
Istaque colloquiis puerilibus oscula jungat.
Sed multi pueri, multæ sprevere puellæ,
cum luget vacuos prudens matrona penates.
utinam segnes premeret lex æqua maritos !
loreas ille pater, qui natis computat annos.
Minierat ; calicemque arenti gutture plenum
excat, & hoc hausto nondum satiata recedit ;
interiore domo matresque oblectat hiantes,
secreta obscuris pandens mysteria verbis,

Et

Et steriles damnans campos : procul ite puellæ,
 Fas nulli innuptæ Lucinæ audire labores.
 Non pudet opprobriis sponfos illudere, culpas
 Vicinæ arcanas alio sub nomine celat,
 Fœmineamque jubet præstare silentia turbam.

Exuit interea vestes, cunisque reponit
 Infantem nutrix. En parvum machina lectum
 Continet objectu laterum ; mirabere costas
 Vimine candenti textas, & pensile tegmen
 Obductum capiti, lædat ne pulvis ocellos,
 Subjectosque pedes, quæis machina mobilis unâ
 Itque reditque viâ, somnumque invitat eundo.
 Flet puer interea, cantat blandissima nutrix,
 Atque imperfectis lallat cunale loquelis.
 Nec potis est molli fletum compescere cantu,
 Quin puerum è cunis tollat, mammaeque ministret,
 Suppeditetve cibum, proprio quem versat in ore
 Ipsa prius, gustuque alieno pascitur infans.

Haud aliter fruges disperfas colligit arvis
 ales, & ore refert pullis crepitantibus, illi
 scam avidè captant, & hianti gutture condunt.

At juvenes, puero dederant qui nomina, libant
 oscula virginibus repetita ; est flamma medullas
 mollis, & innocuos læti meditantur amores.
 agricolæ multâ traherent convivia nocte,
 si jam suaderent fulgentia fidera somnos.
 argunt convivæ ; Corydon tamen ipse moratur,
 continuatque scyphos ; sedet, æternumque sedebit,
 si moveat solitas conjux fidissima lites.
 discedunt hilares ; baculo hic vestigia firmat,
 conjugis implicitam tenet ille uxorius ulnam.

Tum pater exultans dictis compellat euntes ;
 te, valete omnes ! tandem redeunte Decembri,

(Ni

(Ni fallar) pulchram pariet mea Lydia natam,

Vosque reversuro festum renovabitis anno.

Rident matronæ, votisque his omnia firmant,

“ Stet domus, & simili frondescat prole quotannis:

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To the AUTHOR, on the LADIES Sub-
scription for His ENGLISH POEMS.

HOW shall the Muse a grateful Tribute bring,
Or Numbers worthy of their Favour sing!

Who, touch'd with Pity at a Friend's Distress,
Have, by their Bounty, made his Sorrow less.

Since Blooming Beauties of the *British* Isle
Will condescend to cast on Wit a Smile,
Let *Petit-maitres* languish in Despair,
Nor longer boast the Favours of the Fair.

Now *Shakespeare's* Scenes by Modern *Belles* revive,
And teach the charming Sex with Taste to live;
Impartial Reason will Their Actions guide,
And make each Blushing Maid a Happy Bride.

Gay

Gay Toasts shall learn to flight Embroider'd Beams
And chuse a Husband for his Sense,—not—Cloaths,

In vain mad Poets boast the Sacred Nine,
Implore their Aid each Sentence to refine,
Except the Fair their flowing Verse approve,
And learn from moving Strains the Art of Love.

E'en *Phæbus*' self might with his Lyre unstrung,
Since *Daphne* wou'd not listen when He sung.

Your Muse has met a more Auspicious Fate,
To please, tho' sinking under Fortune's Weight;
For sure that Book must be secure of Fame,
Which bears a *Portland's* and a *Dashwood's* Name.

T. GILBERT, *A. M.* Fellow
Peter-house in Cambridge

London, Apr. 21, 1738.

*the Story of ARISTÆUS, Translated from
the Fourth Georgic of VIRGIL.*

AD *Aristæus* left fair *Tempe*'s Field,

His Bees (as Fame reports) by Famine kill'd,

By old *Peneus*' sacred Fount he stood,

And thus bespake the Daughter of the Flood :

Woe *Cyrene*, deep whose Dwelling lies

Beneath these Waves conceal'd from mortal Eyes,

As thou boastest) sprung from Race divine,

Phæbus be the Author of my Line,

Why am I thus by adverse Fates oppress'd ?

How quite banish'd from my Mother's Breast ?

Why didst thou promise me the bright Abodes,

And bid me hope to mingle with the Gods ?

How thus distress'd I breathe the vital Air,

And gain my Flocks and Fields engag'd my Care ;

L. 2

My

My Hopes, by Labour rais'd, forlorn I see,
 And mourn my Glory lost, though sprung from thee
 Let loose thy Rage, my Herd with Plagues destroy,
 With nipping Blasts my tender Fruit annoy,
 Lay waste my Vineyards, and my Harvests burn,
 If thus my growing Fame provokes thy Scorn.

Cyrene heard, with Nymphs encircl'd round,
 The Voice of Mourning pierce the vast Profound;
 The Wheel employ'd their Hours, each Distaff frang'd
 With purple Wool, from rich *Miletus* brought;
Drymo and *Xantho*, and *Lygea* fair,
 And young *Phyllodoce* with flowing Hair,
Thalia blooming, *Spio* bright as Day,
Nesæe soft, *Cymodice* the gay,
Cydicpe and *Lycorias*, one remains
 A Maid, and one had felt a Mother's Pains,
Clio and *Berae* both from Ocean sprung,
 Embroider'd Mantles o'er their Shoulders hung,

is the beauteous, *Ephyre* the cold,
 the *Propeia* graceful to behold,
 and *Arethusa* once that lov'd the Wood,
 now an azure Goddess of the Flood.
 these *Clymene* sung, in tuneful Strains,
 the pleasing Thefts of *Mars*, and *Vulcan's* fruitless Pains,
 and all the Loves of ev'ry God made known,
 from ancient *Chaos* down to *Saturn's* Son.
 While thus the Wheel they ply'd, she held the Throng
 and in Attention to the warbled Song :
 when the Sound invades the moist Retreats,
 and the Nymphs forsake their chrystal Seats ;
 and *Arethusa* rear'd her beauteous Head
 above the Waves, and thus from far she said :
 where, thy Fears maternal Fondness show,
 so strange the Voice, nor common is the Woe ;
 my *Aristaus*, once thy chiefest Care,
 Prey to Grief, and frantic with Despair,

On *Peneus*' Banks now stands with streaming Eyes,
 And calls thee cruel with repeated Cries.
 To whom *Cyrene* mov'd by fresh Alarms ;
 Quickly, oh ! quickly give him to my Arms,
 Safely the Youth deriv'd from heavenly Strain,
 May view the Secrets of our wat'ry Reign.
 This said, at once she bade the Waves divide ;
 The Waves obsequious form on either Side
 A liquid Wall ; the Youth with Awe descends,
 And to his Mother's rocky Palace tends
 Through Groves of Coral Walks, and with Amaze
 The Wonders of the liquid Realms surveys :
 He hears the Waters roar with vast Surprise,
 And views the Springs whence mighty Rivers rise :
Phasis and *Lycus* hence derive their Stores,
 Here in his Urn profound *Enipeus* roars ;
 Here yellow *Tybur* rears his awful Head,
 And *Anio* murmurs in his oozy Bed :

yes, supplies to *Hypanis* this Fountain yields,
 from that *Caïcus* leaves fair *Mysia's* Fields :
 here horn'd *Eridanus* first draws his Source,
 The King of Floods, tumultuous in his Course,
 Than whom no Stream more rapid cleaves the Plain,
 Or rolls a larger Tribute to the Main.
 soon as he reach'd the Chamber arch'd with Stone,
 and to his penfive Mother told his Moan,
 The Nymphs attendant finest Towels bring,
 and draw pure Waters from their hallow'd Spring ;
 The loaded Board beneath the Banquet bends,
 The Altar's Smoak in fragrant Clouds ascends.
Syrene now begins the Rites divine,
 and to old *Ocean* pours *Mæonian* Wine ;
 she then invokes the Nymphs that haunt the Woods,
 Or keep the secret Caverns of the Floods ;
 With Wine she sprinkl'd thrice the sacred Fire,
 Thrice to the Roof the crackling Flames aspire ;

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with so fair a Sign, *Cyrene* cheers

Her mournful Son, and thus dispels his Fears :

Where the *Carpathian* Billows roll their Tides,

Proteus a venerable Seer resides ;

Borne in his Car he sweeps the briny Plains,

And scaly Coursers hearken to his Reins :

Now to *Emathia's* Port his Way he bends,

Or to his native Shore *Pallene* tends :

To him we Nymphs religious Homage pay,

And ancient *Nereus* owns his mighty Sway.

He knows things present can the past relate,

And what lies rip'ning in the Womb of Fate ;

Such *Neptune's* Will, whose finny Herds he keeps,

And feeds the various Monsters of the Deep.

With Force surprize, and urge him to disclose

The latent Spring from whence thy Trouble flows.

Without Constraint He never lends his Aid,

No Prayers can move Him, and no Gifts persuade.

To bind him fast, thy utmost Care employ,
 Superior Force will all his Wiles destroy.
 When as the mid-day Sun inflames the Sky,
 And Flocks from thirsty Plains to Covert fly,
 Then will I lead thee to the dark Abode,
 Where stretch'd in Sleep reclines the drowzy God.
 But He when fetter'd, to excite thy Fear,
 Shapes of diff'rent Monsters will appear :
 Now rage a Tyger, and now foam a Boar ;
 Now hiss a Serpent, now a Lion roar,
 Or strive in Flames his Freedom to regain,
 Or slide in running Waters from the Chain.
 But while He tries, all Arts undaunted stand,
 And strain his Fetters with a stricter Hand,
 Till He resumes the Form without Disguise,
 Such as when Sleep first fate upon his Eyes.
 He spoke, and pour'd Ambrosia on his Head,
 Upon through each Joint the heav'nly Fragrance spread,

Unusual Brightness in his Aspect shone,
 And his Limbs felt a Vigour not their own.
 Deep in a Mountain's Side a Cavern lay,
 Beneath whose Brow the Waters form a Bay,
 Where Ships by Tempests tofs'd securely ride,
 Scorn the rough Winds, and brave the angry Tide.
 The Goddess here conceal'd her Son from View,
 While she, involv'd in sable Clouds, withdrew.
 The raging Dog-star parch'd the *Indian* Plains,
 The wither'd Herbage call'd for cooling Rains;
 The Noon-tide Sun intensely shot his Beams,
 And scorch'd the Mud beneath the deepest Streams:
 When *Proteus*, to avoid the sultry Heat,
 Sought the known Covert of his cool Retreat;
 The scaly Monsters sport around his Car,
 And from their Nostrils spout the briny Dews afar.
 Soon on the Shore dissolv'd in Sleep they lie,
 While He surveys them with a careful Eye :

Thus on a rising Hillock, to behold
His fleecy Care returning to the Fold,
The Shepherd stands, when Lambs at Close of Day
With bleating Cries provoke the Wolf to prey.
Scarce was the Prophet sunk in soft Repose,
But *Aristæus* from his Ambush rose :
Shouting he rush'd with Chains his Limbs t' invade ;
The wily Seer his usual Arts assay'd ;
Now to a Beast transforms his various Shape ;
Now strives in Fire, or Water, to escape.
Subdu'd at length, his magic Force was broke,
And, to Himself returning, thus He spoke :
What Pow'r, rash Youth, impell'd thee to explore
My dark Retreat, unknown to Man before ?
Thus unappall'd with Dread the Youth reply'd ;
Prophet, thou know'st my Bus'ness, and my Guide :
No mortal Art can wary *Proteus* cheat ;
Own thy self vanquish'd, and forego Deceit :

By

By Heav'ns Command I come to seek thy Aid,
 And learn the Cause from whence my Bees decay'd
 Thus said the Youth:—The Prophet glow'd with Fire
 And roll'd his Eyes, that darted livid Fire:
 Then thus indignant spoke the Voice of Fate,
 Some God pursues thee with uncommon Hate;
 Great are thy Crimes; unless the Fates oppose
 The Pray'rs of *Orpheus*, great will be thy Woes:
 For thy Offence the guiltless Poet dy'd,
 At thee He rages for his murder'd Bride;
 For while the Nymph, to save her spotless Charm
 And shun Pollution, fled thy lustful Arms,
 Along the River Side her Course she held,
 Nor saw the Snake beneath the Grass conceal'd.
 Her Fellow Nymphs on *Thracia's* frozen Shore
 All bath'd in Tears her sudden Fate deplore;
 The *Getes* and *Thracians* melt in tender Woe,
 And the cold Streams of *Heber* mournful flow.

o'er the naked Beach forlorn He strays,
 and vents his Grief in sadly-moving Lays;
 on lost *Eurydice* his Song depends,
 Which with the Day begins, and with it ends.
 careless He seeks the Mansions void of Light,
 the Regions wrapp'd in everlasting Night,
 Where Ghosts abide, and grisly *Pluto* reigns,
 Who ever deaf to human Pray'rs remains.
 through the dreary Gloom He pass'd along,
 the gath'ring Spectres listen'd to his Song:
 not Birds, when forc'd by Night or wint'ry Storms,
 fly to the Woods in half such num'rous Swarms:
 bes, Virgins, Matrons, and the Warrior's Shade,
 charm'd by his Musick, thicken o'er the Glade;
Cyclops these encloses all around,
 black Mud, and nauseous Weeds, pollute the Ground,
 the Waves of *Styx* in fable Mazes glide,
 and thrice three times around 'em rolls their baleful Tide.

M

The

The lulling Sweetness of his heav'nly Strains
 Chear'd for a while the melancholy Plains;
 The Furies' Snakes in painted Ringlets play,
 Of Rage disarm'd the triple Monster lay;
Ixion charm'd, forgets his Pains to feel,
 And stops the rapid Motion of his Wheel.
 From Danger safe He leaves the Realms of Night,
 And with his much-lov'd Wife returns to Light;
 She follows close behind him still unseen,
 Such were the Orders of the *Stygian* Queen.
 Just on the Confines of the upper Skies
 He cast on fair *Eurydice* His Eyes;
 Small Fault! ev'n *Pluto* might that Fault forego,
 If aught like Pity mov'd the Gods below.
 Vain were his Toils, and vain the Contract made,
 Thrice roll'd the Thunder through the dreary Shade.
 Then thus the Nymph: What Madness urg'd thee
 Ill-fated Man, alas! we're both undone;

e Fates recall me to the nether Skies,
 Sleep eternal seals my swimming Eyes.
 ong, and last Farewel ! I'm thine no more,
 rn from thy Arms, I seek the *Stygian* Shore.
 s said, like Smoak she vanish'd from his Sight,
 t to the Shades of everlasting Night.
 ck from her rosy Cheeks the Life-blood fled,
 crofs'd the Stream, and mingl'd with the Dead,
 mov'd by Pray'rs relentless *Charon* stood,
 more would waft Him o'er the *Stygian* Flood.
 now what moving Story can He tell ?
 at Strains invent to sooth the Pow'rs of Hell ?
 Sev'n long Moons He rov'd o'erwhelm'd with Woe,
 ere *Strymon's* Waves in chrystal Windings flow ;
 soften'd Tygers round the Poet play,
 bending Oaks hang list'ning to his Lay :
 s, when a Swain has robb'd her of her Young,
Philomela chaunts her plaintive Song ;

All Night her tuneful Sorrow fills the Glade,
 And warbles mournful through the Poplar Shade.
 A desert, solitary Life He led,
 Cold to the Transports of the genial Bed ;
 O'er *Thracia's* Mountains, ever white with Snows,
 Or o'er the Fields where silver *Tanais* flows,
 Lonely He roam'd, unmov'd by Beauty's Charms,
 And mourn'd his Love twice ravish'd from his Arms.
 Fir'd with Revenge, the *Bacchanalian* Throng
 Rush'd on the Bard, regardless of his Song ;
 His mangl'd Limbs they scatter'd o'er the Plain,
 Deaf to his Cries, and careless of his Pain.
 Then from his snowy Neck his Head they tore,
 Which on it's Waves *Oeagrian Heber* bore :
Eurydice, the Subject of his Song,
 In dying Accents trembled on his Tongue.
Eurydice, with feeble Voice He cry'd,
Eurydice the echoing Banks reply'd.

Thus *Proteus* spake ; then in the vast Profound
 he plung'd, and dash'd the foamy Waves around.
Perseus staid ; her Son she thus address'd,
 and banish'd Fear and Sorrow from his Breast.
 From hence thy Troubles spring, the *Sylvan* Train
 for this Misdeed thy Bees with Plagues have slain ;
 With Pray'rs and Gifts the angry Nymphs assuage,
 for Pray'rs and Gifts will soon appease their Rage.
 At first attentive hearken to my Lore,
 and with these Rites th' offended Pow'rs adore :
 Select Four lusty Bulls of choicest Breed,
 which on *Lycaeus'* verdant Summit feed ;
 your Heifers chuse, unconscious of the Wain,
 and raise Four Altars in the lofty Fane ;
 from the slain Victims pour the sacred Blood,
 and leave their Bodies in the shady Wood :
 when Morn has nine times streak'd the East with Day,
Orpheus' Shade *Lethæan* Poppies pay.

To calm his Bride (for thus has Fate decreed)
 A fatted Calf, and sable Ewe must bleed ;
 That done, returning seek the Wood-land Shade ;
Cyrene order'd, and the Youth obey'd.
 With duteous Steps He to the Grove repairs,
 The Temple visits, and the Altars rears :
 He took Four lusty Bulls of choicest Strain,
 And Heifers Four that never knew the Wain ;
 On the Ninth Morn the Off'ring due He paid
 To *Orpheus'* injur'd Ghost, and fought the Wood-land
 (Shade)
 Behold ! a sudden Prodigy appears :
 The humming Sound of Bees invades his Ears,
 From the torn Bowels issuing through the Sides,
 The living Cloud the yielding Air divides ;
 Then to a neighb'ring Tree tenacious clung,
 And from the Boughs in yellow Clusters hung.

BION'S ADONIS *Translated.*

Mourn *Adonis*, now alas ! no more,
 His helpless Fate the plaintive Loves deplore ;
 Stripp'd of thy gaudy Robes, O *Venus* rise,
 And shake the balmy Slumber from thine Eyes ;
 Melting in Woe, unhappy Goddess, tell,
 How soon the sweet, the fair *Adonis* fell.

*I mourn Adonis, now alas ! no more,
 His helpless Fate the plaintive Loves deplore.*

Adonis lies all welt'ring in his Gore,
 On the bleak Mountains wounded by a Boar ;
 Now roll his Eye-balls in his sleepy Head,
 Lifeless He seeks the Mansions of the Dead ;

From

From his fair Face the rosy Beauties fly,
 Fade in his Cheek, and languish in his Eye,
 Yet still with Love *Cythera's* Goddeſs glows,
 And lavish Kiſſes on his Corſe beſtows;
 Vain is her Love, and vain the Heavenly Kiſs,
 He lies all ſenſeleſs of the balmy Blifs.

*I mourn, Adonis, now alas! no more,
 His hapleſs Fate the plaintive Loves deplore.*

Deep in his Thigh deſcends the thrilling Smart,
 But deeper far in *Cytherea's* Heart.
 His much-lov'd Dogs around their Maſter yell,
 Snatch'd prematurely to the Shades of Hell;
 The *Dryads* melt in ſympathetic Woe,
 Tears down their Cheeks in pearly Riv'lets flow,
 And *Venus*, mindful of her former Loves,
 With Hair diſhevell'd wanders through the Groves,

And while with naked Soal she treads the Ground
 Her silver Feet the prickly Briars wound,
 Her feeble Voice along the Vallies dies,
 As she invokes his Shade with piercing Cries ;
 Wide gapes the Wound inflicted by the Boar,
 His snowy Thigh is ting'd with purple Gore.

Venus alas ! the Loves bewailing cry,
 Her fading Beauties with *Adonis* die,
 Now fair *Adonis* lies among the Dead,
 Her Graces languish, and her Charms are fled,
 The Hills and Woods their sad Disorder show,
 The mourning Riv'lets roll in Streams of Woe ;
 While in the Pangs of Death *Adonis* lay,
 Their silent Grief the sick'ning Flow'rs betray ;
 Fair *Cytherea* wails in doleful Sounds,
 From Hills, from Woods the woful Dirge rebounds.

Dead

Dead is *Adonis*, rueful *Venus* cries ;
 Dead is *Adonis*, Echo sad replies.
 Frantic with Grief as *Cytherea* spy'd
 The streaming Gore run trickling down his Side,
 She rear'd her Arms in Bitterness of Woe,
 And from her Tongue these mournful Accents flow :
 Ah ! let thy Arms around my Body twine,
 Once more, my Dear, in close Embraces join ;
 The last, the sweetest, living Kifs bestow,
 Before you seek the gloomy Realms below ;
 The Kifs shall treasur'd in my Heart remain,
 And bring a short Oblivion of my Pain,
 While torn from Me, from Pleasure, Life and Light,
 You seek the pitchy Mansions of the Night.
 I seem All-pow'rful, yet implore Relief,
 And Immortality augments my Grief.
 Goddess, who rul'st the Regions void of Day
 (For far o'er mine extends thy pow'rful Sway)

O! let *Adonis* safe from Harms abide,
 And in *Elysium*'s happy Fields reside.
 Worn out with Grief the Dregs of Life I drain,
 And wail my much-lov'd Youth untimely slain;
 My Love, my Joys, like airy Dreams, are fled;
 I lie abandon'd in a Widow's Bed;
 The Cestus once so prevalent in Love,
 And all the Charms I boasted useless prove.
 How could thy Youth to chace the Boar presume?
 All suits the Hunter's Toil with Beauty's Bloom!
 Thus *Venus* pour'd her unaffected Moan,
 And the sad *Loves* return'd her Groan for Groan.

Lamenting *Venus* near *Adonis* stood,
 One pour'd a Tide of Tears, and One of Blood,
 Straight rising Flow'rs their flagrant Buds disclose,
 Hence sprung *Anemone*, and hence the Rose.

I mourn

*I mourn Adonis, now alas ! no more,
O Venus, cease in Woods thy Husband to deplore.*

Now fair *Adonis* ceases to be thine,
Stretch'd on a Couch *Adonis* lies supine,
Fair He appears, and charms though void of Breath,
His Beauty glows, revives, and blooms in Death.
Clad in those Robes the breathless Charmer lay
In which with thee He lov'd the Night away.
To grace *Adonis*, flow'ry Chaplets bring,
And lavish all the Beauties of the Spring.
For Him the Roses shed their purple Pride,
For Him the Lillies hung their Heads and dy'd.
Around his Bier the sacred Myrtle spread,
And fragrant Oil, and balmy Unguents shed;
You touch'd with Grief those roseat Balms despise,
Alas! your sov'rain Balm *Adonis* dies.

hapless Fate the *Loves* bewail, and tear
 the graceful Ringlets of their waving Hair,
 lamenting Accents melt on ev'ry Tongue,
 their Shafts are blunted, and their Bows unstrung;
 the Water cool in golden Chargers brings,
 the fans *Adonis* with his filken Wings.

While Grief, O *Venus*, bids thy Tears to flow,
 the rueful *Loves* participate thy Woe;
 the Nuptial Taper's fainting Lights decay,
 and all the genial Garlands fade away.
 no more repeats his mirthful Strains,
 mournful Notes the wretched God complains.
 bold each *Grace* o'erwhelm'd with Grief appears,
 the sad, the pious Partners of her Tears,
 how fair *Adonis* dy'd they doleful tell,
 and strive in Grief *Dione* to excel.

N

Ev'n

Ev'n the relenting *Fates* His Death deplore,
 The *Fates* whom Sorrow never touch'd before ;
 But all in vain ! stern *Proserpine* remains
 Deaf to their Woe, and sweet-refounding Strains.
 Cease, *Cytherea*, thou hast wept thy Due ;
 But ev'ry Year thy pious Tears renew.

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PSALM CXIV. *Translated.*

WHEN happy *Israel* freed from slavish Toil
 Forsook the barb'rous Regions of the *Nile*,
 His Sanctity on *Judah* brightly shone,
Israel rejoyc'd his Majesty to own;
 Astonish'd *Ocean* from his Glory fled,
 Recoiling *Jordan* sought his oozy Bed;
 Like Rams the Mountains skip along the Ground,
 Like sportive Lambs the little Hillocks bound.
 Why did'st thou, *Ocean*, hide thy fearful Head?
 Why did'st thou, *Jordan*, seek thy oozy Bed?
 Why did ye skip, ye Mountains high, like Rams?
 Why did ye bound, ye little Hills, like Lambs?
 Tremble thou, Earth, with reverential Fear,
 Tremble thou, Earth, when *Jacob's* God is near,
 Who forc'd the Rock to stagnate in the Field,
 And the rough Flint a living Spring to yield.

On the Death of the Reverend Mr. JOSEPH BINGHAM, Student of Christ-Church Oxford. By T. GILBERT, A. M. Fellow of Peter-house in Cambridge.

Erat Homo ingeniosus, acutus, acer, qui plurimum salis haberet, & fellis, nec candoris minus. PLIN. Ep.

THough vain the tributary Tears we shed
 For Friends in Exile, or untimely dead,
 When Men, distinguish'd for their Merit, die,
 The Muses love to sing their Elegy,
 In humble Strains the mournful Theme pursue,
 And give to Friendship rigid Virtue's Due : —
 What honest Nature dictates, void of Art,
 With Eyes o'erflowing, and a bleeding Heart,

free from the labour'd Ornament of Verse,
 all pay the Tribute due to BINGHAM's Hearse.——
 Oh! could these Lines, illustrious Shade, restore
 life to those Virtues, which are now no more,
 when CONYBEARE would bless the Sacred Nine,
 and own their Inspiration was divine.
 Dawn of Life so strong thy Merit shone,
 mankind could scarce expect a brighter Noon.
 ere *Oxford* universal Sorrow wears,
 and *Isis*' Stream encreases with her Tears!
 such was her Grief when MILTON's * Son expir'd,
 rising Genius by the World admir'd.——
 too partial Fate will let the Fool and Knave
 drag in Contempt their Beings to the Grave;
 but, like a Tyrant, labours to destroy
 all that excel in Worth, or give us Joy,
 who shine like Meteors glorious in their Birth,
 but soon in blazing Ruins sink to Earth.

* PHILIPS.

So good MARCELLUS perish'd in his Bloom,
 The rising Hope, and Ornament of *Rome*,
 With ev'ry shining Quality adorn'd,
 Like thee, by Men of Worth, and Virtue, mourn'd.
 What Art can reach, or Science can define
 Among Philosophers or Wits to shine,
 Without the help of Flattery was Thine;
 Youth's giddy Sons, or Age severely wise,
 From thy sweet Converse could instructed rise;
 A Genius for all Parts of Learning fit,
 Bless'd with strong Judgment, and a ready Wit;
 Whose rare Abilities would Envy move,
 Had not his sweet Behaviour won our Love.
 Firm to his Principles, to Honour just,
 Faithful as guardian Angels to their Trust;
 He gave his Friends and Enemies their Due,
 Above their Censure, and their Praises too.
 Severe in Morals, honest without Art,
 An able Head, and uncorrupted Heart;

Possess'd of little with a chearful Mind,
 Enjoying Life, and yet in Death resign'd,
 The gay Tranquillity, the Heart-felt Joy,
 Beyond the Pow'r of Fortune to destroy;
 The Best Companion, the sincerest Friend,
 Rever'd in Life, lamented in his End.
 How few like Him in early Youth approv'd!
 Admir'd by Enemies, by Friends belov'd:
 Such is the Merit of an honest Fame,
 And such the Character his Virtues claim.—
 Sometimes in Converse o'er the Mid-night Bowl,
 When Wine unfolds the Secrets of the Soul,
 When absent Friends our grateful Thoughts engage,
 Or Beauties that adorn, and charm this Age,
 Thy sacred Image damps my rising Mirth,
 And gives to sad Reflections hateful Birth,
 Imagination paints the Pleasure past;
 But so refin'd a Bliss could never last!

On ev'ry Word each Guest enraptur'd hung,
 And blest'd the Genius that inspir'd thy Tongue.
 Now Women, Wine, nor Mirth have Pow'r to move,
 The Friend that shares my Soul, or Nymph I love,
 Thy dear Remembrance strikes my troubl'd Mind,
 And casts all other Pleasures far behind.
 But here the pensive Muse resigns her Pen,
 And weeps no longer o'er the best of Men.

PSALM

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P S A L M CXXXVII. *Translated.*

S A D and forlorn near *Babylon* we lay,
 Where limpid Streams in Chrystal Mazes play,
 Strong in our Minds unhappy *Sion* rose,
 And brought a fresh Remembrance of our Woes;
 Our silent Harps on mournful Willows hung,
 Mute were our Voices, and our Harps unstrung;
 The scornful Victors load our Limbs with Chains,
 Insult our Anguish, and deride our Pains;
 With Taunts they cry'd, "Repeat a mirthful Air,
 "Such as was sung in *Sion*, once the fair."
 Captive, abandon'd, in a foreign Land;
 How can we answer this unjust Demand?
 How can we praise the Lord in joyful Strains,
 Where Sadness pines, and mad Confusion reigns?
 O *Salem*, ever woful! ever dear!
 If I forget thee through a dastard Fear,

Let

Let my ungrateful Hand forget to play,
 And tune the Chords responsive to my Lay :
 If I with Trouble or with Care oppress'd
 Should blot thy lovely Image from my Breast,
 May I forget the Melody of Song,
 And lasting Silence dwell upon my Tongue.
 On that dire Day when hostile Squadrons stood
 Breathing Revenge, and thirsting for our Blood,
 Remember, Lord, how swoln with envious Pride,
 Enflam'd with Ire the Sons of *Edom* cry'd ;
 Call forth your Rage, the stately Walls confound,
 And raze the goodly Structures to the Ground.
 Devoted *Babylon* ! thy lofty Wall,
 The Source of all our Wees, is doom'd to fall ;
 That Prince shall Fame, eternal Fame acquire,
 Who lays thy City waste with Sword and Fire,
 And deaf to Children's Cries, and Parents' Moans,
 Shall dash thy bleeding Infants on the Stones.

*The Seventh ODE of the Fourth Book of
HORACE imitated.*

To a FRIEND.

AT length the Snows are thaw'd, the Fields resume
 Their genial Verdure, and the Myrtles bloom :
 The Streams, by wint'ry Torrents swoln, subside,
 Kiss the moist Banks, and in their Channels glide :
 The Fair, invited by approaching Spring,
 Shine in the *Mall*, or sparkle in the *Ring*.
 The rolling Year instructs you Life to scan,
 And not extend your Hopes beyond your Span.
 To sooth the Winter, vernal Zephyrs blow :
 But soon the Summer Suns intensely glow ;
 The Summer's Heat to milder Autumn yields,
 Then golden Apples glitter through the Fields ;

But

But Autumn soon recedes, and *Boreas* brings
 The lazy Winter on his hoary Wings :
 The silver Moon her Orb collecting wanes,
 And shines refulgent in th' Ethereal Plains.
 But when of Life bereft, we touch the Shore
 Where *Bingham*, *Peers*, and *Wand'sworth* went before,
 In those dark Realms our brittle Clay decay'd,
 Moulders to Dust, and dwindles to a Shade,
 Can human Wisdom say, the Pow'rs divine
 Will to this Day of Life to Morrow join?
 Then seize the present, crown the sprightly Bowl,
 Feast all the Senses, and enlarge the Soul;
 The Sums consum'd your Heir can never miss,
 Nor know at what Expence you bought your Bliss.
 When at the Bar of *Minos* you appear,
 And from his Lips impartial Sentence hear,
 Your shining Talents and illustrious Race
 Can ne'er restore you to your Friends Embrace.

ain were th' Attempt, should *Pallas* lend her Aid,
 To call her *Bingham* from the *Stygian* Shade ;
 For *Talbot's* Friendship, since it could not save,
 Can raise his much-lov'd *Wand'sworth* from the Grave.

⊙

On

On the Death of the Right Honourable the
Lord CASTLECOMER, 1736.

By T. GILBERT, *A. M. Fellow of Peterhouse in Cambridge.*

Farewell! thou blooming Hope of *Albion's* Isle,
Whose Converse could the Cares of Life beguile
Enrich'd with lively Wit, with Arts adorn'd,
In the first Scene of Youth admir'd, and mourn'd;
Whom Heav'n repenting thought a Gift too great,
And early snatch'd thee to a better State,
Where Souls like thine of an exalted kind
From ev'ry mean and vulgar Thought refin'd,
Dwell in pure Regions of Immortal Joy,
Where nothing can the high-wrought Bliss destroy;

Where injur'd Innocence kind Angels guard,
 And slighted Virtue meets a sure Reward.
 Lamented Youth ! what Tears of Sorrow flow,
 How ev'ry pensive Bosom heaves with Woe !
 While those whose Breasts the tuneful Nine inspire,
 Though dumb with Grief, yet touch the moving Lyre,
 In melancholy Numbers void of Art
 Speak the sad Language of an aking Heart.
 Since the frail Sisters cut Thy slender Thread,
 And You are rank'd among th' Illustrious Dead,
 Now ev'ry Coxcomb's fond Ambition ends,
 Whom Vanity, or Fortune made your Friends ;
 When the mean Tribe of Slaves no longer wait,
 To croud like Parasites your Palace Gate,
 The sacred Muse to Friendship ever dear,
 O'er thy cold Ashes sheds a grateful Tear ;
 'Tis Her's to pay the last sad Tribute due
 To celebrated Worth, in Friends like You,

In humble Strains to make their Merit known,
 Or mark their Virtues on the sculptur'd Stone——
Wand'sworth farewell! in whom kind Nature join'd
 Whatever could instruct or charm the Mind;
 With Learning Candour, Modesty with Truth,
 The Sage's Wisdom with the Fire of Youth,
 Whose Affability and winning Air
 Could entertain a Friend, or please the Fair;
 Who made stern Honour all his Actions guide;
 Though nobly born, without one Spark of Pride;
 Whose Glory on its own Foundation stood,
 And claim'd no Merit from Descent of Blood——
 When the gay Scene of fleeting Life is o'er,
 And the World's Vanities delight no more,
 The parting Soul reflecting on thy Death
 Shall yield with greater Joy her latest Breath;
 Without one Struggle bid the World adieu,
 And wing her Flight to Happiness and You.

*On the Widow BRADGATE of the Three
Tuns in Oxford, 1734.*

By a FRIEND.

LET fighting Poets in a Love-sick Strain
By purling Streams of cruel Nymphs complain,
Or else the tuneful Nine's Assistance boast
To labour'd Verse to celebrate a Toast;
Majestic *Bradgate's* Charms my Lays inspire,
And ev'ry Thought with glowing Raptures fire.
Let other Nymphs with Artifice prepare
To make each careless Lock contain a Snare,
Consult the Glass their Features to improve,
And strike each self-enamour'd Fop with Love;
While the gay Widow with a graceful Air
Excels in native Charms the brightest Fair,

Commands detracting Crowds to own her Pow'r,
 Strikes Envy dumb, and makes the World adore.
 Mankind must envy thee, illustrious Shade,
 Whose Merit could deserve so fair a Maid :
 Extremes of Happiness can never last ;
 Soon was the transitory Pleasure past ;
 And when you had enjoy'd your beauteous Bride,
 Confess'd the Transport was too great, and dy'd.
 But still the Pledges of their Love remain,
 Whose Charms their Mother's Empire will maintain ;
 Though lovely Children her chaste Raptures bless,
 No pregnant Pangs could make her Beauty less.
 As *Cybele*, the Parent of the Gods,
 Whose radiant Offspring fills the bright Abodes,
 In spite of Time her youthful Charms can boast,
 Fair as the Fairest of the Heav'nly Host ;
 So *Bradgate* (mark but this prophetic Truth)
 Shall shine for ever in the Bloom of Youth.

The T O A S T.

By the same.

L E T Infidels be hush'd ; fill high my Glafs ;
Fair *Dashwood* proves an Atheist is an Ass ;
None but a Deity such Art could boast,
To form so gay, so beautiful a Toast.

On

On LUCINDA.

WHEN gay *Lucinda* clasps me in her Arms,
 And wantonly displays her blooming Charms;
 What Colours can describe the charming Fair,
 Her Virgin Zone unboos'd, her Bosom bare;
 Her Heart beats quick, her Eyes bear wanton Fire,
 And every Atom glows with fierce Desire:
 Stern Honour, Guardian of the tender Sex,
 O'ercome by Nature, his frail Charge neglects;
 To Love's soft Passion the kind Fair resigns,
 Whose roving Appetite no Law confines;
 Wing'd with Delight the happy Moments flew,
 Joys, circling Joys, in Pleasure ever new;
 In Transports lost our panting Bosoms glow,
 And blended Souls in liquid Rapture flow.

The P A T R I O T.

By the same.

CURSE on that sordid Miser's Lust of Gold,
 By whom his Country's Interest is sold,
Aulettes cries ; and with a Patriot's Voice
 Declares, " Or Liberty or Death's my Choice."
 But when N———e whispers in his Ear,
 Your Vote shall gain Two Thousand Pounds a Year ;
 With an obsequious Bow he thanks his Grace,
 And wonders how he could mistake the Case.

The

The

*The Rape of EUROPA. Translated from
MOSCHUS, beginning at*

Ὡς εἰπὺς ἀνόρουσε, φίλας δ' ἐπιδίξεθ' ἑταίρας.

THEN from her downy Bed *Europa* rose,
Her lov'd, coeval, Fellow-Nymphs she chose,
With whom she bath'd where pure *Anaurus* glides,
Or led the Dances on his verdant Sides,
Or cropp'd the Roses from the painted Field,
Or stole the Scent which fragrant Lillies yield.
Th' obsequious Nymphs obey their Queen's Command,
Each takes an ample Basket in her Hand;
Then to the well-known Mead they bend their Way,
The Mead that bord'ring on the Ocean lay,
Where roseat Objects entertain the Sight,
And murm'ring Streams create a fresh Delight.

Euro

Europa bore a Basket form'd of Gold,
 The Work of *Vulcan*, goodly to behold,
 To *Lybia* giv'n when she resign'd her Charms
 To bless with Love the wat'ry Monarch's Arms ;
 But *Lybia* gave the Workmanship divine
 To *Telephessa* of her Kindred Line,
 Then on *Europa Telephess'* bestow'd
 The rich, the artful Labours of the God :
Inachian Io breath'd in Gold refin'd,
 A Heifer yet bereft of human Mind,
 Of Reason void she cross'd the liquid Plain ;
 In Azure flow'd the well-disseml'd Main ;
 Two Men upon the Ocean's Margin stood,
 And saw the Heifer stem the briny Flood ;
 Then on the Cow his Hand *Saturnius* laid,
 And near the *Nile* transform'd her to a Maid ;
 The Streams of *Nile* in ductile Silver roll'd,
 Brass was the Beave, the God-head shone in Gold.

Just

Just on the labour'd Verge *Cyllenius* lies,
 And *Argus* wakeful with an hundred Eyes,
 From whose warm Gore a Bird exulting springs,
 And proudly waves its party-colour'd Wings ;
 The new-born Fowl displays its various Tail,
 Whose Plumes expanded like a wavy Sail ;
 The Basket's golden Brim it cover'd o'er,
 Which to the Meadow fair *Europa* bore.

Soon as they reach'd the Mead and flow'ry Bed,
 They chose, they gather'd as their Fancies led,
 This *Hyacinth*, that cropp'd the *Violet* blue,
 A third *Narcissus* of a paler Hue ;
 The new-pluck'd Flow'rets shed their Leaves around,
 And vernal Beauties thick o'erspread the Ground ;
 Some rob the *Crocus* of its fragrant Smell,
 In the sweet Toil each lab'ring to excel.

But in the midst the fair *Europa* stands,
 And culls the *Roses* with her snowy Hands:
 Than all her Nymphs she boasts a nobler Mien;
 As o'er the *Graces* shines the *Paphian* Queen)
 Not long to wanton on the flow'ry Plain,
 Nor long of Love unconscious to remain;
 As Thund'ring *Jove* beheld the blooming Dame,
 He glow'd, He languish'd with a pleasing Flame,
 Fair *Venus* can his Terrors all remove,
 He melts, He softens, and He yields to Love.
 From *Juno's* jealous Rage Himself He veil'd,
 And in a Bull the latent God conceal'd;
 Not such a Bull as harrows up the Plains,
 Or on his Neck the galling Yoke sustains,
 Not such as feeds among the servile Throng,
 Or lab'ring draws the lazy Wain along;
 His Body yellow, in his Front arose
 A silver Circle white as falling Snows;

Bu

P

His

His azure Eye-balls languishingly bright
 Sparkl'd with Love, and glow'd with soft Delight.
 Two polish'd Antlers from his Front extend,
 Like *Cynthia's* Horns in Symmetry they bend.
 The Mead He enter'd ; then the Nymphs drew near,
 And stroak'd the gentle Beast devoid of Fear.
 Just at the chaste *Europa's* Feet He staid,
 And full of Transport kiss'd the lovely Maid ;
 She wipes the Froth as from his Mouth it flows,
 And harmless Kisses on the Bull bestows,
 Melodious Lowings antedate his Joys,
 Soft as the *Phrygian* Pipe's harmonious Noise.
 Bending at fair *Europa's* Feet He bow'd,
 And on the Nymph retorted Glances throw'd,
 The stooping Beast his ample Back display'd ;
 Thus to her fair-hair'd Nymphs *Europa* said :
 My fav'rite Virgins, to my Words attend ;
 Approach, approach, this gentle Bull ascend,

In sportive Pomp he'll bear us o'er the Plain,
 For his broad Back will ev'ry Nymph contain.
 Unlike the rest, He's beauteous, soft and kind,
 His Looks, His Actions speak a human Mind;
 Nature in him has Speech alone suppress'd,
 Thus spake the Nymph—— then smiling mounts the
 (Beast.

Streight swift as Light'ning springing to the Shore,
 The blooming Virgin, Heav'nly Prize! He bore;
 With out-stretch'd Arms she call'd her menial Train,
 She turn'd, she look'd, she sigh'd, she wish'd, in vain;
 Fearless He plung'd amid the wat'ry Way,
 And like a Dolphin shot along the Sea.
 Emerging Nymphs the parting Waves divide,
 In monstrous Whales the blue-ey'd *Nereids* ride,
 Neptune Himself compos'd the angry Main,
 And led his Brother o'er the liquid Plain,

Gath'ring around the Sea-born *Tritons* throng,
 And their shrill Trumps resound the Nuptial Song.
 Fix'd on the Bull *Europa* firm remain'd,
 One Hand her Vest, and one her self sustain'd,
 Her floating Garment wanton'd in the Air,
 And, dancing like a Sail, upheld the trembling Fair.
 But she whom Fates averse had doom'd to roam
 Far from her Country, Friends, and pleasing Home,
 (Now when no hospitable Shore appear'd,
 No lofty Mountain's airy Summit rear'd,
 Above, the Heav'ns their azure Brightness show,
 The wide-extended Ocean foam'd below)
 Gaz'd all around despairing of Relief,
 And in these doleful Accents vents her Grief:
 How can'st thou journey o'er the briny Plain,
 Nor dread the various Perils of the Main?
 Ships o'er the parting Ocean safely ride,
 But tim'rous Bulls abhor the foamy Tide;

To flake thy Thirst no chrystal Fountains rise,
 The liquid Wild substantial Food denies.
 Art thou a God, in Heav'n who hold'st thy Reign?
 If so, to act beneath a God disdain.
 The solid Earth no Sea-born Dolphins sweep,
 No Oxen sail along the hoary Deep;
 Secure on Earth, secure you stem the Tide,
 Your Hoofs like Oars the yielding Waves divide;
 Soon like a Bird you'll tow'r, and soar on high,
 Amid the azure Regions of the Sky.
 Unhappy me! who by this Bull am led,
 Unhappy me! who from my Country fled,
 Now unaccustom'd o'er the wat'ry Way,
 Hopeless, forlorn, disconsolate I stray.
Neptune assist, your Empire you retain
 Deep in the chrystal Caverns of the Main,
 Sure not without the Guidance of a God
 Ride in Safety o'er the liquid Road.

In these Complaints the trembling Virgin mourn'd;
 The fair-horn'd Bull an Answer thus return'd :
 Restrain your Grief, your drooping Spirits chear,
 Desist, fair Nymph, the briny Surge to fear ;
 Know I am *Jove*, I sought thee in the Field,
 (For Gods can all things) in a Bull conceal'd ;
 Smit with thy Charms these Regions I explore,
 And cross the Seas unknown to Bulls before.
 Thee to the *Cretan* Shore secure I'll bear,
 Where *Amalthæa* nurs'd my Youth with Care,
 From thee a noble Offspring shall descend,
 Whose wide Dominion with the World shall end.

Thus spake the God, and what He spake was true,
 That Instant *Crete* arose upon the View ;
 Then Thund'ring *Jove* resum'd his Form divine,
 And all around celestial Glories shine ;

Th' impatient God the Virgin's Zone disclos'd,
 The winged Hours the genial Bed compos'd,
 Proud of her Conquest she resign'd her Charms,
 And rose a teeming Mother from his Arms.

A Tran-

*A Translation from the Latin ODE of the
Third Chapter of H A B B A K U K.*

By a F R I E N D.

THE Great CREATOR arm'd with Wrath divine
Forfaking *Teman*, and the lofty *Paran*,
With Majesty refulgent fill'd the World,
And all the wide Expanse of chrystal Sky.

Death

Death flies before in various Shapes of Ills,
The Plague and every terrible Disease
Attend the Deity in dreadful Pomp,
While Flames destructive burn beneath his Feet.

The Light'ning darted through the vaulted Globe
Casts a dread Terror o'er the trembling World,
Vast Hills subside, and Mountains shun His Wrath.

These Eyes beheld the Sun-burnt *Æthiops*
Struck with uncommon Fear, and *Midia*
Trembling amidst the rough-hoarse-sounding Noise.

The Surges in swift Torrents backward roll'd,
Affrighted *Jordan* to His Bed retir'd,
While God in Triumph rode upon the Waves.

The

The Hills and Rivers saw Thy Face, and fled,
And the loud Seas with Thy Great Presence aw'd,
Groan'd in hoarse Murmurs from their inmost Caves.

Each Pole's envelop'd in the Gloom of Night
At Thy Command ; the Radiant God of Day
Starting confounded, stops His fiery Steeds ;
And the pale lambent Moon neglects to guide
Her Chariot, wand'ring through the Shades of Night.

The Nations felt what the offended God
Of *Jacob* cou'd perform ; He shook his Spear,
While Arrows, pregnant with Destruction, flew
Through the vast Void, sure Ministers of Fate.

The loud hoarse Thunder menacing of Death
Pierces their Ears, their Tongues forget to speak,

And

And daftard Fear runs thrilling thro' each Vein.
 Tho' Earth shou'd mock the careful Ploughman's Toil,
 And Nature perish in one common Wreck,
 My Muse shall ever fing JEHOVAH's Name,
 Sole Lord of all, of Heaven and Earth Supreme.

F I N I S.



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